

DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

TELLING STORIES.

I know of a boy that's sleepy.
I can tell by the nodding head
And the eyes that cannot stay open
While the good-night prayer is said
And the whispered "Tell a story,"
Said in such a drowsy way,
Makes me hear the bells of Dreamland,
That ring at close of day.

So you want a story, darling!
What shall the story be?
Of Little Boy Blue in the haystack
And the sheep he fails to see
As they nibble the meadow clover
While the cows are in the corn?
Oh, Little Boy Blue, wake up, wake up,
For the farmer blows his horn.

Or shall it be the story
Of Little Boopie I tell,
And the sheep he lo- and mourned for
As if awful fate befell?
But there was no need of sorrow,
For the pet that went astray,
Since, left alone, he came back home
In his own good time and way.

Oh, the pigs that were to market!
That's the tale I'm to tell.
The great big pig and the little pigs
And the wee, wee pig as well.
Here's the big pig—what a beauty!
But not half as cunning is he
As this little tot of a baby pig
That can only say "Wee wee!"

Just look at the baby, bless him!
The little rogue's fast asleep.
I might have stopped telling stories
When I got to Little Boopie.
Oh, little one, how I love you!
You are so dear, so fair!
Here's a good-night kiss, my baby.
God have you in his care!

—Elen E. Rezford in *Youth's Companion*

STORY TELLER.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

What a fine evening it is! The lilacs are in bloom again. The moon shines down on the river just as it did on the last night I was here, fifty years ago. All these streets and buildings seem strange. At that time a country road passed through here between stone walls and trees and meadows. The tavern where we had the ball that night was a handsome building then. I have stopped there many a time for refreshments when boating.

It is deserted, ruined, gradually sinking into the river now. The young lovers row by on the other side of the stream. They say the old house is haunted. It was a fair picture that evening, with light pouring out of every casement, and lanterns hanging on the verandas over the river. I wonder if you remember it all?

You smile as though you had not forgotten it. Why do I speak of it now? Well, almost fifty years have passed. It does not seem very long; still, we are both old now, and what harm can it do—a little talk of days gone by?

Yes, it is nearly fifty years since I have seen you. Your hair under that little lace cap is as white as snow. Then it was black and glossy as jet. You had no wrinkles then. Your cheeks were smooth and white.

There was a dimple in the left one. Your eyes did not peer out of gold-rimmed glasses then. They were bright as stars—dark blue, sparkling with merriment. Your figure is a little bent, but you were quite tall then for a woman, and graceful. I thought you were queenly. Indeed, you were the prettiest girl in all the land. What! are you blushing? Well, it is true. I can close my eyes and see you in my soul as you were then, as sweet and lovely as a water-lily. You have never changed there.

I remember the first time I ever saw you, I was walking through the shady streets of the little town. I passed by a grand old mansion. I saw beneath a great elm what I thought was a beautiful angel. It was you lying on the lawn. You had on a pink gown. You were reading and when you heard my footsteps you raised your eyes and met mine. We were both confused. I walked away feeling as though I had entered a new world. After that I thought only of you.

You told me afterward that you were reading a romance of a handsome young prince, tall, fair-haired and dashing; that when you looked up and saw me you were startled, I was so like the ideal you were dreaming of. Do you remember?

I hurried back to my uncle's home beyond the town, and eagerly questioned my cousins concerning the beautiful vision I had seen.

They told me that you were the Governor's only daughter; that you were but eighteen years of age, but that you already had several suitors for your hand. They warned me not to fall in love with you, as a handsome young officer of the garrison near by was said to have won your

heart. I found that you were the belle of all the land.

This information only made me love you more. I felt certain that I could not live without you. I could not imagine that any one else could love you as I did. Every afternoon after that I rode to town in order to pass by the Governor's mansion. During the evenings I paraded back and forth on the sidewalk like a sentinel, and all the time I kept repeating your name. During these feverish evenings it was not very consoling to note the regular appearance of a visitor, nightly passing under the trees to the door-step.

When the door opened I could see his tall, erect figure standing in the light. Then the door would close and there would be sounds from the open windows of laughter and music. I knew that the visitor was the young officer. He and I were introduced one day in the town, and I remember how, seemingly by instinct, we conceived a deep antipathy to each other. Even on our first meeting we approached close to the border of insulting language. He was a handsome, dashing fellow, I was forced to confess.

Splendid, soft, dark eyes, and a heavy, silken moustache, were his two most seductive attractions. To know that this hated but dangerous rival was enjoying a tete-a-tete with the beautiful girl, whom in my unreasonable love, I already regarded as my sweetheart, while I was obliged to promenade the sidewalk alone, seemed very bitter and cruel to me.

A week passed before I saw you again. I was riding along the high bank of the river where it curves like a horseshoe around some meadow land. I was gazing down at the waters dreaming of you, when I heard a sound of laughter and of horses' hoofs. I looked up and was startled to see you riding toward me, in the company of several young ladies and gentlemen. My handsome friend, the officer, was among them.

My heart beat violently and my face flushed as I passed close to you. You wore a dark green suit, and your face was so white that I thought at the time you were like a water lily. It was then that I noticed your long black lashes. I could scarcely see your eyes. You told me afterward that you peeped at me, and that you thought I looked like a gallant knight on my spirited horse. Do you remember?

I was so excited that day that I could scarcely eat a mouthful. My uncle asked me if I had seen the Governor's daughter again. He was a wise man—my uncle.

It was not long afterward that you and I became acquainted. It was at a party that I attended with my cousins. You were there. I saw nothing else that golden night. You were dressed in cream-colored silk. Your beautiful white arms and shoulders were bare.

You wore a necklace of pearls, and there were yellow roses pinned to your dress. I was dazzled by your beauty when you entered the room, and when I was presented to you, I lost all control of myself. I stammered and tried to clasp your hand, stopping in my attempt abruptly; but you, smiling kindly, shook hands with me. You told me afterward that you were a little confused yourself, that you could scarcely speak at first. Do you remember?

It was astonishing, though, how soon we were eagerly conversing. Our thoughts flowed on together like two brooks that meet in the forest and go dancing together through sun, light and shadow. It was that night that I thought that your eyes were as black as coals, and that I noticed how fresh and red your lips were. That bright evening fled so fast, that I did not realize till the affair was over that I had entirely monopolized the society of the belle of the evening.

When I bade you good night as you left the company with your parents, I noticed a young man standing in the hallway, with a gloomy expression on his handsome face. It was my friend, the officer, and he gave me an ugly look. Little did I care for the officer's anger. I was mad with happiness that night. What dreams, what fancies filled my soul! You say that you, too, were transported that night? I wish I had known it then!

The next afternoon I met you down-town as you were coming out of a shop to enter your carriage. We stopped and talked, and I arranged to call on you the next evening. It was then in the bright sunlight that I was surprised to discover that your eyes were dark blue, instead of black.

How well I remember that first evening when I called on you! I could not sleep the night previous, I was so excited. The day passed tediously. I attired myself with great elaboration, and an hour before the time when I had agreed to call, I was restlessly pacing the streets glancing at my apparently motionless timepiece; but the important hour arrived at last. As I entered the gate, my courage began to fail. I feared lest some more favored suitor might already be installed, and I should prove an unwelcome intruder.

I wondered who would open the door, whether a servant or some member of the family. I dreaded lest it might be the Governor himself, for I suspected that he did not regard me with favor. The great watchdog barked savagely as I walked toward the house. You had laughingly assured me that he was always securely chained to a strong post. I mounted the stairs with a bold step, rang the bell fiercely, and waited in a state of nervous dread.

How agreeably was I surprised and how completely were my fears dispelled, when you opened the door yourself, looking perfectly beautiful in the lighted hallway. Your cheeks were slightly flushed, and your eyes were as bright as stars. That evening my love for you increased a hundred-fold. There were other members of your family present. Your aunt was always in the room, but still we were together, and I heard you play on the harp and sing for me several sweet old ballads. As I walked home that night, my soul seemed to mount among the stars.

The next night as my cousin and I were passing by your father's grounds, I heard the sound of merry laughter from the gayly-lighted house, and I distinguished plainly the hated voice of the young officer. I accompanied my cousin to call on a young lady, a wealthy banker's daughter, but I was miserable the whole evening. I seemed to hear you playing on the harp and singing love songs to the dark-eyed officer. I did not admit it then, but I was intensely jealous of the handsome fellow.

You say that you were jealous of the banker's daughter. Yes, I know I called there several times, but it was to please my cousin. I never fancied her. She was too loud and boisterous for my taste. So you were jealous, were you? I never thought of that.

Do you remember the boat ride on the river? It was the only time we were really alone. Maybe you don't imagine how near I came to proposing you that day?

Do you say that you half expected several times I would? Well, you are right. The truth is that I had decided at the first opportunity to tell you that I loved you. I thought that the boat ride would be the very occasion, so with mingled hopes and fears I looked forward to that eventful day. I cannot tell you how many times I rehearsed my part in the expected drama, nor what beautiful speeches I had prepared, never to be uttered. Yet I regard that little journey up the winding river as the brightest episode in my life. As I rowed along, I could look at you.

You sat in the stern and had on the pink gown I liked so much. We passed by weeping willows, dipping their branches into the water; the cemetery in the woods on the hill, and the mysterious island with its deep woods. We did not talk much. Your eyes were cast down most of the time, as though you were in a pensive mood, but occasionally I saw them glance shyly at me. I don't know why I should have been so sure, but I felt positive that you loved me, and I was on the point of telling you how I adored you a dozen times as we proceeded up the still river. At last I rowed into a little streamlet which met the river in the woods. Green leaves were spread over the quiet surface, and pure white lilies floated here and there. The light was soft and subdued. I felt my heart beat violently. I trembled, and I knew that my face was pale as I leaned toward you and seized your little hand in mine.

Just then we heard voices in the woods. You snatched your hand away instantly, as two ladies, one of whom was your aunt, appeared at the bank of the stream. They were delighted to see us, for they had lost their boat and would have been obliged to walk several miles but for our timely appearance. We humbly took them in as passengers, and I rowed back and down the river in the twilight, talking to your aunt and her friend in an entertaining manner

as I could, while you reclined in the stern, silent, but occasionally smiling slyly at some of my efforts to sustain a conversation with the two ladies.

We all walked up the hill to your father's gate, and I was obliged to say good by without telling you my wonderful secret.

Soon after that, a grand ball was to take place at the tavern. All the country was excited. I sent you an invitation and anxiously waited for a reply. I feared that your parents might not approve of me as your escort, even if you should be so kind as to prefer me to other suitors who would doubtless extend you an invitation. More than anything else, I dreaded that charming young officer would be the favored one. When I rode to town for the mail on the day following I received a dainty envelope.

I opened it with trembling fingers, but I rode home feeling in the gayest mood, for the little note said that its beautiful writer would be pleased to accompany me to the grand ball at the tavern.

Do you remember that a few days before the ball you were taken ill with a fever? When I heard that my lovely partner was sick I called at once. You told me how disappointed you were because, although you felt well enough to go, your mother you feared, would not allow you attend the ball.

I was sorry enough to give up the idea of appearing there with the Governor's beautiful daughter; but I agreed with your mother that it would be dangerous to your health to go. I cheered your sad spirits all that I could, while secretly I resolved that, instead of attending the ball myself, I would spend the evening with you, and, if the chance appeared, that I would ask you to be my partner forever, whether you were sick or well.

The night of the ball, I was later than I expected in departing for town. The tavern was gayly lit up, and its roof was shining in the moonlight. I was so eager to see you that I did not even stop to obtain a glimpse of the assemblage, but rode rapidly away beyond the sound of the music. When I arrived at the gate of the Governor's mansion, I was surprised at the gloomy appearance of the house; not a light could I see.

I dismounted, hurried to the door and rang the bell. There was an appalling silence. Twice more I rang the bell and waited. No one came to the door. Almost paralyzed with astonishment and wonder, I turned and, slowly leaving the house, mounted my horse and started back on the road to the tavern. I felt certain that you would not have been left sick and alone in the house.

Horrible suspicions tortured my heart as I rode along faster and faster till I reached the tavern. I rushed into the building and took one glance into the ballroom. The brilliant assemblage and bright light dazzled me for a second. A dance had just ended and all were promenading in confusion. Suddenly, directly before me, in full uniform, I saw the young officer with you leaning on his arm. He was bending his smiling face to yours.

Your cheeks were flushed and your eyes as bright as fire. You were dressed in purest white. When I saw you I felt my heart turn icy cold; sharp pains crossed my chest. Beads of perspiration stood on my brow. The shock of your treachery was very cruel. I turned, staggered out of the tavern and, mounting my horse, rode away, feeling as though I were in the midst of a frightful dream.

And now you say that they made you believe that I was glad you were sick, so that I could be free to escort the banker's daughter! You say that you loved me and that, stung by jealousy, you insisted on your parents' taking you to the ball; that there you were joined by the officer. You say that when you saw me at the ball-room door, alone, dusty, pale and distracted, you realized how terribly you had been mistaken; that leaving the Captain, you ran to detain me, but it was too late.

No, I never heard of that. I crossed the seas, and fought in foreign armies, and reared a family in foreign lands. I heard but once from home. They said that you were to marry the officer. I tried to forget you. I became rich and honored, but never happy. I have lived the night over a million times, bitterly regretting that I did not wait to hear your explanation. I am old, feeble, white-headed to the world, but in my soul I am still the hot-headed lad of fifty years

ago and you are the Governor's beautiful daughter. It will always be so.

What! Are you weeping? Never mind. We can't understand these things. I must go now. Your husband—I hope he is well? What is that? You say that you never married? And it has been fifty years! Ah, me! We can't understand. I must go back to my hotel. It seems exactly like that night. The lilacs are in bloom, and the moon shines on the river; but these buildings and streets are strange, and the tavern is old and ruined. They say—and it is true, I know—that it is haunted.—*Romance.*

A Fortune Through a Ring.

Charles Burton sat with bowed head, the picture of despair.

By unfortunate speculation he had lost all that he had saved from his earnings as a book-keeper during the past six years, and besides was considerably in debt.

What caused him greater unhappiness than his impecuniousness itself was a realization that he must renounce all hope of making Angie Trevylan—an only child of one of the wealthiest men in the city where he was located—his wife.

Though aware that she loved him as sincerely as he loved her and would doubtless be willing to share his poverty with him, his scruples would not allow him to entertain such a thought.

Moreover, were he to marry her when his pecuniary condition became known, it would quite naturally be said that he married her for her money—that would be absolutely repugnant to one of his sensitive nature.

"What shall I do?" he muttered to himself, in a most despondent tone. For nearly an hour he thought deeply, his eyes and his mouth twitching nervously. Then, "I know what I will do!" fell from his lips.

Leaving his chair, he went to a bureau in the room where he was, and from one of its drawers removed a small box. Out of the box he took a quaintly set diamond ring, which he turned over and over in his hands, while the tears coursed down his cheeks.

"It belonged to my sainted mother, and it will grieve me to part with it," he said, huskily. "But I am confident that my pawnbroker will advance me money enough on it to enable me to cancel my indebtedness and allow me sufficient time to redeem it."

Within an hour the ring was in the keeping of a "money lender," and Burton had \$250 at his disposal—nearly \$50 more than his indebtedness.

Some two weeks later, as he again sat alone in his room, his boarding mistress conducted a middle aged man into his presence.

"My name is Walter Stevens," the newcomer remarked when he and Burton were alone, "and I have come to see you on business of importance to both of us."

"Please be seated," Burton rejoined, extending a chair to his visitor.

"Was your mother's maiden name Florence Abbott?" inquired Mr. Stevens as he sat down.

"It was," Burton replied.

"Was her birthplace Schenectady, N. Y.?"

"Yes sir," and his tone indicated Burton's amazement at the question, coming from an absolute stranger.

"When did she leave that place?"

"In 1863. Soon after learning that her father had been killed in one of the great battles of the rebellion, she went from Schenectady to New York City, where she remained a few months, and thence went to Springfield, Mass., where she lived till her death—ten years ago."

"Where was she married?"

"In Springfield."

"Is your father living?"

"He died when I was two years of age."

"Have you any brothers or sisters?"

"I was my parents' only child."

"Then this affords me great pleasure to inform you that you are to be immediately placed in possession of nearly \$100,000."

Schenectady, to find that his only child had gone from the place—whither he was unable to learn.

"In 1868 he and I went to Colorado, where we were partners in working a claim—as we had been companions in battle—a claim that yielded handsomely.

"In 1870 he was so injured in the mine that he died in a few days, but not till he had made me the trustee of his property, to be held for the benefit of his daughter or such children as she might have.

"My endeavors to obtain any information with reference to her were in vain until this afternoon, when I chanced to see in a pawnbroker's, a very peculiar ring which I immediately identified as one belonging to Florence Abbott's mother, whose home was, years ago, near mine. The ring brought me here.

"I have only to add that the money intrusted to me as trustee I so invested that, without any delay, I can, as aforesaid, put you in possession of nearly \$100,000."

Before another day had elapsed Burton had acquainted Miss Trevylan with his "good luck," asking her to become his wife, which she readily consented to do, and with her father's hearty approval.

"But," she smilingly observed, "I should have been just as willing to marry you when you were penniless, and father would have been as willing to have me, because you are our ideal of what a man ought to be."—*Boston Globe.*

Charging a Fence.

Elijah W. Sprague was captain of the Dexter company, and he was a joker all over. A lieutenant of the company was not very popular, and the boys made game of him whenever they had a good chance. There was a high board fence along one side of the training ground. In the evolutions the lieutenant had to lead the company on a charge toward this fence. The boys went on the run, the lieutenant a few feet in advance.

At a proper distance from the fence the command to halt was given, but the line kept on until it came chuck against the fence, carrying, of course, the officer with it. The lieutenant, was highly indignant. "If you don't obey the command next time," he said, "I will have you arrested and court-martialed." The captain also looked very stern and reprimanded the men in a little speech, but as he went along the line a moment afterward he whispered to the men. "Do it again! Do it again!"

So the next time the charge was made the lieutenant was slammed against the fence as before and was madder than ever. Again the captain made a speech threatening all sorts, but again he winked at the boys and whispered, "Do it again." They did it, of course, and, though the captain could scarcely find threats big enough to warn them from further disobeying, the lieutenant smelled a mice and declined to lead and more expeditions against the fence.

Photographer Douglas is All Right.

DEAR EDITOR:—Since my old friend, "Free Lance," asks about me, I will let him and my other friends know through your esteemed paper where I am and what I am doing, so that they will know that I have not got into a hole and pulled the hole after me. I am doing all kinds of ordinary photographic and tintype work around North Central Pennsylvania, with headquarters in a small but exceedingly picturesque town of Forkston.

To-morrow, the Fourth, I expect to take in the parades and celebrations at Laceyville, a smart hustling and withal very picturesque town, about ten miles from here. It is situated on a bend of the Susquehanna. Were the river deep enough for shipping, it might be a miniature New Orleans.

People are drilling for oil here. The test well is now about thirteen hundred feet deep. I expect that they will strike oil or gas very soon. In that case, this small village will at once grow into a large town. After then, I expect to sell my gallery and business here, and move back to New Jersey.

Those who care to hear more about this section of the country may see an article in some future number of the *Silent Worker*, for which I am engaged to write, which also will be illustrated by photography.

RANDOLPH DOUGLAS.
FORKSTON, PA., July 3, '94.

Ivers Smith.

Ivers, brother of Almos Smith of apple fame, died at his native place in New Boston, N. H., Thursday, June 9, aged sixty-one years. The morning of the death, he was missed, for he was an early riser, and Almos went to his room to see what the matter was, only to find him partly falling over his bed which very sadly told of his death. In the meantime he had stripped himself of his shirt for some unknown reason whatever.

The writer, having come up the previous night to work, at once drove to the village for a doctor, and broke the news to Almos' niece, who is well versed in our signs, and she wired it to his brothers and relatives. The doctor pronounced Ivers dead, and he was beyond medical aid. His death is attributed to an apoplectic fit, and he died some time after midnight. The funeral services were held in the parlor at 2 p.m. Saturday. There was quite a number of neighbors, including relatives, who respected for him on account of his cheerful disposition. Among those I noticed were Mr. V. B. Wright, of Nashua, and Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard, of Somerville, Mass., now summering in the village. Mr. Wright interpreted the service into signs. It commenced to shower as the casket was put into the hearse, as if to shed tears of sorrow. The interment took place in the family cot. The floral offerings were pretty. Ivers leaves brothers and sisters to mourn, namely, Ezra, of Providence, R. I., Amos and Ethan, of Lowell, Almos and Sarah, of New Boston, the latter two being deaf themselves. Almos feels his loss very keenly, not only because of his usefulness, but also because they had been together all their lives, except school days, a period of ten years.

Ivers was a seventh-son doctor and he was successful in his line, for he cured many people externally afflicted, even some of them came as far as from Boston, Lowell, and distant places. It is claimed that he died without a rival of his class in that line. He was deaf from birth, and was graduated from old Hartford, under principal Weld, in 1850. He was always punctual and faithful in doing chores and milking. Punctuality was his chief habit. However, he had an aversion to travelling. For instance he went to Lowell to spend two weeks with his brother, and soon afterwards he felt homesick and returned almost immediately, and was glad to be back home once more.

The apple trees seemed to ring with his wanderings and gazing, for he loved to romp among them in his leisure hours. Now they look obscure without him, to use Almos' expression.—
Little on earth and more in heaven.
W. E. W.
June 28, '94.

A SAD SIGHT.

TWO YOUNG MEN, ONE DEAF AND DUMB, THE OTHER DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND.

Any one feeling that life is full of trouble and hardly worth the living, would certainly find much in it to be thankful for if they saw what the writer did the other day at the James Street depot.

Two young men, one deaf and dumb, the other deaf, dumb and blind.

Reader, close your eyes, stop up your ears, shut your mouth and then try to enjoy yourself, and you will get a faint idea of the world as enjoyed by this unfortunate. The blind mute held the wrist of his companion, who, making the signs of the deaf and dumb alphabet, conveyed the meaning to him through the muscles of his wrist. When he in turn wished to say anything he would loosen his grasp of his friend's wrist and in pantomime, with the aid of the alphabet, tell his friend what to say for him. The friend would then write it down and in this way formed the outlet for the mind imprisoned in a living tomb.

Most of us would say we would rather be dead than in the condition of this young man, but life seemed even sweet to him for a number of times he smiled at something which his friend said to him through his wrist, and possibly not knowing anything about the world shut out, he is far, happier than most of us who are continually reaching for something we have not got and are never satisfied with what we have.—*Middleton (Orange Co.), Times, July 3.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, JULY 12, 1894.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS

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"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

On Saturday next Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Mann, will start on a voyage across the Atlantic. We do not know if they have any other purpose than obtaining rest and recreation. It is likely they will do something that will have an influence for good among the deaf of Great Britain, whether or not that is their especial aim. Some comment was made on Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's trip, by one of a company of deaf-mutes who were gathered on the marble-floor or lounging on the plush-upholstered sofas of a hotel opposite Madison Square, on Sunday evening. The remarks were not entirely complimentary, and the speaker was immediately snubbed. He had insinuated that Dr. Gallaudet was going to have a good time and that the deaf-mutes were paying for it. As there may be others laboring under a similar delusion, we think it timely to say a word or two on the subject.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet is, in years at least, an old man. He has passed the age of threescore and ten, and although still vigorous, his seventy winters warn us that ere long, instead of short periods of rest, he will be obliged to repeat in substance the sad words of farewell that the poet Holmes spoke at the breakfast given in his honor on his 70th birthday:

"Time claims his tribute; silence now is golden;
Let me not vex the too long suffering
Lye;
Though to your love untiring still beholden,
The curfew tells me—cover up the fire."

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet has spent his life in labor for the welfare of the deaf. Not in preaching alone, but in substantial benefit to the temporal well-being of deaf-mutes. His greatest work, however, has been in spreading the Gospel among the adult deaf. The young, as a rule, are too apt to underestimate this work. As they grow in years and wisdom, they learn to appreciate it more and more; its influence upon them grows stronger, and eventually, as their reverence increases, by their example they become powerful factors for the common good. Aside from the religious teachings, many a deaf-mute owes his position and home comforts to Rev. Dr. Gallaudet. When in want and out of work they turn to him for help, and he never refuses to do his utmost for them. These persons do not publish it in the highways and byways that they got work through his assistance. Too many forget the benefaction as soon as relieved from the pinch of want and worry. A few remember it with gratitude. That any sane person should insinuate that there is not only enmity, but ease and comfort in a life of incessant work for others, is incomprehensible. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet needs the change and rest that the coming trip is expected to afford, and it is the earnest hope of all his friends that much physical benefit will be derived from it.

The insinuation that he goes on money furnished by deaf-mutes makes us smile. The fact is, deaf-mutes do not give one-twentieth of what they should for religion and missionary work. We do not mean to Episcopalian missionary work alone; but to work done by exponents of any and all creeds. If Rev. Dr. Gallaudet had depended solely upon the contributions of the deaf, his work would never have reached its present vast proportions, and instead of the home for aged and infirm deaf-mutes, which he founded and fostered, there would be the spectacle of a number of old deaf-mutes in the county almshouses or begging charity from door to door.

WHISPERINGS UNDER THE ROSE.

Mr. Henry C. White's address is No. 61 Everett Street, Allston, Mass.

One of the Nantucket Beach newspapers had the following item in its columns the other day: "Richard Potter, an employee of the Hull Electric Light and Power Co., is a young man of more than passing notice, although handicapped by the loss of three senses—taste, speech and hearing. He has already attained a high degree of excellency in his work, and is competent to fill responsible positions, while by his general manners, he has won the hearty good-will of all who have met him, either at work or recreation. Mr. Potter came here from the Electric Light Plant at Quincy, being highly recommended from there." Mr. Potter is staying at Ocean House, Nantucket Beach, of which house Mrs. Louis G. Farrell is the proprietor.

The following item was handed to me for publication in the widely-read DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:

Lucinda Phillips died June 1st, aged 90 years. She had been in poor health some years. She was deaf and dumb, and had always lived with her brother and sister. Two brothers survive her, George and Stephen. Her funeral was largely attended on Sunday, Rev. Archibald officiating. The burial was in Scottville Cemetery, Rutland, Vt., Daily Herald.

Miss McKay will read a paper at the N. E. G. A. convention. Her subject will probably have some relation to the education of the deaf in England.

Mrs. Harrington, of Brighton, is in deep sorrow over the sickness of her sister from dropsy, from which the latter is not likely to recover. The baby of Mrs. Rosa Bunker, which made Mrs. Harrington a young grandmother, is growing finely.

Geo. A. Holmes is an uncle to a scion of the best known family in Massachusetts. Wendell Holmes Garrison was born at "Rockledge" in Roxbury last week. It is a combination of the names of two distinguished men, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and George A. Holmes. His sister married one of the sons of the late William Lloyd Garrison, the famous slave-empirator.

Mr. Wellington reports the case of a blind deaf-mute named Coburn, about forty years old, living in Wakefield. He can use the raised type of the educated blind, though where he was taught, Mr. Wellington can not say.

The Boston Society had a mild sensation on Sunday almost similar to the Father Lebreton affair of the Gallaudet Society. In the course of the services, Prof. Weeks criticized Boston's boasted culture and refinement in allowing such thinly disguised prize-fights as took place under the kid-gloved names of "boxing contests," "scientific battles," etc., and when he described these sparring contests as fights between two cats, in his own graphic pantomime, there was a general smile of amusement, but just then Mr. Lorrigan, of Cambridgeport, a rare visitor to the services, got up and spoke right out in the meeting, advising the preacher to let worldly matters alone and preach from the Bible, at the same time pointing to the text on the blackboard. Prof. Weeks was cool and unconcerned, keeping an unruffled silence while Usher Wellington gently led Mr. Lorrigan out. It was no disturbance to speak of, but rather an interruption. Mr. Lorrigan evidently belongs to the old school of fire and brimstone religion, and disapproves of any discussion of things mundane in the pulpit. Prof. Weeks, however, did no more than the Boston preachers in the city churches have been doing for the past few weeks. They have been denouncing these slugging contests as the snares of the devil, and calling upon the board of aldermen to suppress them. What is the duty of a preacher, if not to lead his hearers back into the strait and narrow path? Many members thought that Mr. Lorrigan would have done better to have made his protest after the services were over, while others criticize his being taken away, on the ground that his soul would be lost by his enforced absence from the services. There were some Bostonians who intimated that Prof. Weeks might find a field nearer home for his denunciation, in the Charter Oak races gambling.

Rev. Mr. Koehler made a most favorable impression in his services at St. Andrew's Church. His style of delivery was graceful in its slow, measured pace, and every body praised his intelligent preaching from the Bible. The wish was generally expressed that he would favor Boston with another visit. One thing he said in his sermon was well appreciated in connection with the recent disturbance in the same hall. He related this bit of history. A deaf-mute boy, reared in a Catholic family but taught in a non-sectarian school for the deaf, forsook the faith of his fathers and asked Rev. Mr. Koehler for advice and instruction in the Episcopal creed. Mr. Koehler hesitated for a while, and told the new convert that he had better consult his conscience and see if he was firm in his change of faith, and then if he was still of the same mind to have a talk with his own family. The advice was taken, and the boy's mother was so shocked at his falling off from the Catholic faith that she took him right off to the bishop. The bishop was a sensible man, and acted grandly in the matter. After questioning the boy and sounding him as to his conversion to an opposite faith, he found the boy firm in his dissatisfaction with the Catho-

lic faith, and he then told the boy that since his conscience beckoned him to another church, he, the bishop, would place no obstacle in his way and he might go his way in peace, and when we stand before the throne of grace, may the Lord decide between thee and me." This was characterized by Rev. Mr. Koehler as a noble act of toleration, and he expressed his pleasure at finding a man of such a high-minded character in the Catholic Church. This interesting story made a deep impression on the audience.

Rev. Mr. Koehler stated that he could not be spared from his work and was not going to the European Conference. He was particularly glad to meet so many friends of his college days in Boston, and remarked, "this seems like college days."

"S. Gaston Davidson"—that is the way he parts his name in the middle ever since he was promoted for his services to be an oral teacher. Our friend, Prof. Davidson, has been appointed to teach mathematics and physics in the advanced oral department. That is a high compliment to a deaf teacher, for therein no invidious distinction is made between one man's ear and another's, though one might wonder how Samvel—I beg his pardon, S. Gaston Davidson—will manage to carry on a conversation with the oral pupils, unless they yell like Comanche Indians into his ears or he is the most expert lip-reader in all creation.

"All of these ladies and gentlemen are teachers of experience and ability."—*Silent World*. As ours is a distinctively special profession, such terms will have no meaning. A man or woman—or, as the snobs prefer to flatter themselves, a "lady or gentleman"—may be a good public school teacher, and experienced in the instruction of the hearing children, but to say that they are equally able and experienced in the art of teaching the deaf, is another thing. Only those who know and have taught under the combined system can properly be called expert teachers. As well say a homeopathic doctor is an able and experienced surgeon because a surgeon is a doctor. Come, let us be more explicit in our expressions, not only about methods but also about teachers.

FREE LANCE.

WILL THERE BE UNION?

SPECIAL TO THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.
CHAUTAUQUA, JULY 8, 1894.

Dr. E. M. Gallaudet read an address last evening on the proposed union of the Convention and Association, at Chautauqua, which we will publish in full next week.

Speeches were also made by Hon. Gardiner, Mr. Hubbard, Mr. F. D. Clarke, Prof. Fay, Dr. Williams, Mr. Weston Jenkins, Mr. Swiler, Mr. Crouter, and Prof. Bell.

The decided tendency of the debate was toward union.

July 9.—The directors of the Association reconsidered their action declining the "overture," and have appointed a Committee to confer with the Standing Executive Committee in regard to union.

July 11.—At the request of the Association the following joint Committee on Union was appointed:—Messrs. Hubbard, Bell, Crouter, Gallaudet, Connor, and Mathison.

Kentucky and Colorado Swap Principals.

Mr. John E. Ray, who has for the past year been Principal of the Colorado Institution, has been appointed Principal of the Kentucky Institution. The late principal, Mr. W. K. Argo, goes to Colorado, and it is said will succeed Mr. Ray.

SUNDRY ITEMS.

Mr. T. I. Lounsbury is now a full-fledged editor on a weekly trade journal of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Garlock, of Gloversville, N. Y., are spending the week with their son E. A. Garlock, at Albany.

Messrs. Maynard and Capell expect to be at Ocean Grove, N. J., by July 23d, where they expect to remain for some time.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet sails for Europe on the "Campania," which leaves New York on July 14th. He will return on or about September 23d.

Miss Rieca Morgenthau, of Cincinnati, O., is going to Ashbury Park, N. J., to spend the summer, and will not return home till the 1st of September.

Mr. Dennis J. Sullivan, the crayon artist of Brooklyn, N. Y., was not born deaf and dumb as recently stated in the *JOURNAL*, but became so at an early age through sickness.

Miss Bertha Freeman, of Paterson, N. J., former pupil of the New Jersey School for the Deaf, is stopping at the Bristol House, Ocean Grove, N. J., for two weeks.

Services for Deaf-Mutes.

EIGHTH-SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY,

JULY 15TH.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:30 A.M., Rev. Mr. Chamberlain.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M., Prof. Van Tassel.
Trinity Church, Newark, 3 P.M., Prof. Jones.

The sign language among the deaf takes the place of the sound language among the hearing. Masters of the sign-language can therefore reach the inner life of the deaf more directly and powerfully than the orators or those who use only the manual alphabet.

DIED.

In Island Pond, Vermont, July 8th, Gertrude May, only child of Frank W. and Flora B. Bigelow, of Chelsea, Mass., aged 10 years, 11 months and 15 days.

A FANCY SKETCH.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I.—THE PROLOGUE.

One first suggestion will fall amongst you something in the way of a bomb; at its sound some will look up horror-stricken, and prepare for instant flight; others, whose breath is easily taken away, will, if they are not extinguished on the spot, in all probability follow; there are only a few upon whom to count, who will remain calmly seated, listening to hear us out.

Our schools are much the same as other schools. Look at this class here—all the bright, eager faces at the top; all the dull, stupid faces at the bottom; either they will not or can not learn, and in their dire misfortune we will all most certainly give them the benefit of the doubt.

We do not say all, but many of our children's parents or natural guardians are often ignorant. By that we do not mean they can not actually read, nor write—in these times such a supposition would be absurd—but we do maintain they are often weak and wanting in common sense. Upon their discovering their child's affliction, they seek an asylum for him. If they have never been brought into contact, or taken any interest in us before, they now begin to make inquiries. They hear all sorts of things about us, of our successes. Do we not cite these ourselves? Are not our pupils' successes, as it were, our own? They do not pause to think of the ceaseless study and determined application required, before such results are achieved. As we are recognized as specialists, perhaps they think we inoculate knowledge in some mysterious way, who knows? They do not take into account their child's disposition, willingness, or capacity for learning; they are too apt at first to jump at conclusions, and imagine by sending their child to school they have done everything in their power for him. It may be the child we are pointing out is not a remarkable one. He came to us, say, when he was seven. Six—seven years pass; we know he is no prodigy. He goes home from time to time to spend the holidays. The parents begin to feel disappointed at their child's apparent inaptitude at "book learning," and to take his place beside other children, hearing ones. The child likes home much the best; he feels of consequence; there are more dainties, no restraint, no going to bed or getting up at a stroke of the clock, and, above all, no tiresome lessons. He is not old enough yet to understand that at home he stands alone; that here he is one of many, where discipline and order are absolutely necessary, or we should make no progress at all. The parents now begin to feel incredulous at what they heard noised abroad about some of our achievements years ago. They may even go to the length of saying they don't believe us. Their weak moment has come. They accede to the child's desire to leave school. If they are poor, and a few extra shillings are of moment to them and they can find a place, they send their child to work.

See again that class we pointed out to you at the beginning. If he is one with a bright, eager face, he may reach the ladder, and mount a rung or two; if a dull one, we know he will never reach the ladder at all, he will never know anything of the beautiful possibilities of life.

The State is a great person. Here, we represent the State. Whilst the children are with us, our sway is absolute with them; we allow no outsider to dispute our rules. Let us think for a minute: is this quite as it should be? We must remember we are not guarding the sick, deafness does not kill; we are trying to teach our children how to live. Yet in the first place, love binds them to their parents; the tie is indissoluble, blood is thicker than water. Affection binds them to us. We are, in a measure, striving for their emancipation. At the outset of their career their condition is strange; they are unable to discuss with their own people, as other children do, that vital question, "What shall I be?" At an age when other children are entering life full of plans for the future, our children are only just beginning to realize there is a world beyond them, in which, if they take a good part, it must mainly depend upon their own efforts. We urge them on, and as we bid them farewell on the threshold of life, we warn them that it will be by their own labors they will rise or fall, that they can make or mar their own destiny. Nevertheless their lives are so interwoven with others, and with those who hold the right of power over them, both on one side and on the other, should we not do our utmost by uniting together for the children whose cause we have so much at heart?

This is our suggestion. As each child attains his twelfth birthday, the parents should be approached, and consulted as to his future, we stipulating on his behalf that should he show any special talent for one thing, they would be informed and consulted again as to the advisability of letting him follow his own bent. You think it would entail endless trouble for us. The trouble would be far outweighed by the results. It would extend everyone's power. The parents would feel gratified at the deference shown to their wishes. Knowing their child was being trained exactly to the trade he would follow, they would hesitate before taking him from school. They could watch for an opening, and speak, and per-

haps obtain it for their child. We should gain time, and be able to show more what we can really do. And the child whose interest is paramount would gain strength and knowledge, and thus be more fairly equipped to start with the rest.

PART II.—IN THE WORK-ROOM.

All the instruction here is given in the written language. We think the advocates of both systems, the oral and combined, lay too much stress on the necessity that all the effort should come from our side, to bridge over the impassable gulf of deafness, to meet the hearing. Depend upon it, if any of the "hearing" are inclined to take any interest in us, they will endeavor to meet us half-way. If we are anxious to raise momentary pity or sympathy in any emergency with the hearing, from our own experience speech is of but little avail. When people once brought into contact with us can sustain their sympathy and interest, it is true, so far, the foundation of friendship must be laid by our side. There must be some vehicle of thought between us. These people are quite strangers to us. Our voice may be harsh, and also indistinct—to use it at first would be almost fatal; as to the signs, except a graphic view, they can not understand at all. They, however, can read and write, and so can we. The structure begins by this means. They find we have thoughts as well as they, that we are as capable of and as susceptible to emotion as they.

But people in the outside world have their own cares, their own aims. It is impossible for us to attract every one, even if we wished to. Yet those we meet every day; it always our sense of affliction to an extent to know we stand high in their estimation. On behalf of our children, when they leave us we hope they will attract their employer's and fellow-workmen's interest. It is no good professing to teach them a trade and sending them out with a mere nodding acquaintance with their tools or the materials used in their separate trades. We know quite well their disadvantage in the outside world. They can not pick up things as the hearing do. We undertake to foster them; our utmost should therefore be done not alone in the school-room, but also in the work-room and work-shop, where we ought to go to the trouble of explaining to them the minutest detail of their tools, and everything required in their trade—to teach them, in the words of a philosopher, that "Trifles make perfection, perfection is no trifle." If our children leave us, thoroughly grounded in their work, and we know they can both use and talk of their tools, we shall feel more assured they will be able to jostle with the rest of the world, as well as being more likely to arouse the interest of those with whom their lot is cast.

The children begin this course of instruction at fourteen; they are getting familiar with written language by then. We give an hour's lesson each day. We write all our questions and give all our explanations on the blackboard. All their answers and ideas must be given in the same way. We correct their faults in construction, a thing so liable to hinder them in after life—that being unable to write familiarly, and with taste of mundane affairs.

This is the way we work amongst the girls. They attend all the classes as they are needed in a woman's life, but they are drafted from one to the other, and pass each course, remaining the longest time in the class preparatory to the trade or occupation we have ascertained they will follow.

In dressmaking, it is neither a well-made buttonhole nor a firmly stitched seam which constitutes a well-made dress. It is, to use a few technical terms, chiefly, the cut, the fit, and the finish. A dress is formed of two parts; these parts are made of several pieces joined together, and unless it is done to a nicety, the effect is not quite happy. Every part of a dress is designated by a separate name, and unless the "would-be" dressmaker is thoroughly acquainted with each, she is never likely to become a first-rate workwoman. Not knowing the different names given in the instructions of the current fashion-books, she is unable to follow with interest the accounts given of dress as it moves along. We teach our girls not only to piece a dress together, but the name of each piece as it stands alone. Then there is the sewing. What wonders can not that minute instrument, a needle, perform! We teach them the names of the various stitches, the materials used to distinguish velvet from wool, silk from satin, cotton from plush, as well as many of the fancy names now in use. The cottons, silks and twists used in working them together; the ribbons and tapes, whole-bones, and the colors and blending of colors, and buttons—all, all we teach them. By these means their work becomes more than a weary routine; some grow to love their trade, and will soon prove good workwomen, well able to make their way.

PART III.—ABOUT THE HOUSE.

The woman's dominion! In this class the girls learn to take and follow with dispatch all written orders. When they have mastered taking orders, we know when the need arises they will also be able to give them. We keep house on a small scale, which we think will be in accordance with their position and means. In the smallest dominion, or-

der and cleanliness are essential; they make it more perfect as a place of rest, as a thought of "Home."

On Monday mornings, we have the washing to see to. This class is specially for those who are to be washerwomen or ironers. Every article likely to go to the wash is shown, and its name written down. We make out our washing list. When the girls pass from this class they are expected to give us the list each week of their things sent to the wash, until they leave school. If they are badly written, they have to come back and try again. When the lists are made out, we go down to the wash-house with our girls, and explain the different process the things go through before they are washed. We begin to verify the clothes sent with the lists; that done, we sort them into separate heaps. The sheets and other bed linen there, the body linen we put there, the colored linen there, woolen things there, and coarse kitchen and greasy cloths all of a heap there. Then we set to work and put the things to soak, teaching as we go along the whole course of a thing undergoing a wash. After that there is the hanging out to dry—the lines, the pegs, the props, and if possible, the sun, to dry them in. Then comes the damping and folding, mangling, and some of the things require starching; lastly, the ironing and airing, sending them back all fresh and smooth, and putting them back neatly in their places.

Tuesdays, the classes are specially for those remaining at home, or going out to service. We turn out the bedrooms, and do the passages and stairs. We learn the names and the use of the things required to be brought up to "do" the rooms. The knowledge of a sign for broom or brush as it stands, is no good to one whose state is abnormal; they must know them severally by sight, and each by name, and what an array of them there! To call each by name is something to think of. The grate has to be polished, the glasses cleaned, the windows done, the toilet table to be washed, everything dusted and put carefully back in its place.

Wednesdays, the parlors are turned out; here we have a few pretty ornaments to dust and keep clean. As we are downstairs we teach our girls how to set a table neatly for breakfast, dinner, or tea. They learn the names and the use of everything put on the table and left ready for hungry people. They are also taught to wait well. A wrong movement on the part of a waitress may upset the whole of a nice dinner. Deftness and tact are the two requirements.

Thursdays, we have the kitchen, larder, and store-cupboard to put in order. The range has to be swept, the brights cleaned, all the names of the cooking utensils learned. The table and floors scrubbed, the dresser and table drawers to be tidied, everything made sweet and clean. Then we turn to the larder and store cupboard, seeing in the latter what we are out of, and making a memorandum of groceries wanted for the following week.

Fridays, our house being all in order, our attention is now turned to cookery. Little breakfasts, dinners and teas we think out. We keep the notes of the dishes chosen as we eat the things in season, and they, as we know, come round again. The sight of a fruit or vegetable—are they not harbingers of days as they fly past? There is the shopping. We tell the girls at which shop each thing is to be found, or if in a large store, the department, and where as a rule the names of the different departments are posted up. They will be able to be quicker about their marketing knowing all these little things. In the kitchen, as elsewhere, Time is the great factor; we try to teach our girls to keep watch on those moving hands on the clock there. With good will and experience, the simplest fare may be made dainty and served up tastefully.

We have only given you a mere outline of our work in the different classes; but you will be able to judge from it of our endeavors. The only difference we claim is this, that we have taken the blackboard into the work-room, house, and kitchen. In this manner we try to bring our pupils' minds to bear more forcibly on their work, as it is brought to bear on their books in the schoolroom, with interest, and often pleasure.

PART IV.—THE END.

You see we have been fancying we were amongst the deaf, trying to help them a little. Instead, we are staying in France, in a village not far from the Seine, surrounded by some of the prettiest country we have ever seen. Picture to yourself a vast expanse of undulating land, with villages dotted over it, and here and there woods, every inch of the rest of the land, except for the roads that intersect it, being under the most careful cultivation. The main road (all men's) running through it, is one of the loveliest we have ever seen. It is as smooth as a garden walk; on each side are grass plots and trees, which form a seemingly interminable avenue. This road runs from the outskirts of Paris right the way to Rouen. Even now in winter, it has a weird beauty all its own; in the leafy season the whole place must be a veritable fairyland. Truly we have come to the right spot to weave fancies.

The other day, we were glancing idly over a daily paper; an article headed "Words" caught our attention. We threw the paper aside, as nearly everybody does with a newspaper. If we had not done so, we

could tell you more; we only remember the purport of the article and the two closing lines. The "words" were a perfect torrent for the oppressed. We, as a class, were of course not in the writer's mind. We will bring this paper to a close by transcribing the two lines; they were so inspiring, there was such a ring of gladness and hope in them. "Have faith in wishes. Believe in the power of words! words! words!"

PHILADELPHIA.

Frank Lee, a deaf-mute aged sixteen years, living at 947 South Street, was beaten by a crowd of boys last Sunday. He was taken to a hospital, and the police are looking for his assailants.

Last Wednesday was a typical, a genuine old-fashioned Fourth. Delightful weather! Cool breezes! General hilarity! Universal observance, and something going on all the time!

The shriek of the Glorious Fourth Eagle wasn't quite as lively as when Uncle Sam's great party was in power.

On that day, while the merry Mutualists were killing time at their own picnic in Fairmount Park, and also witnessing the grand regatta on the Schuylkill River in the afternoon, and the grand pyrotechnical display on the Grand Avenue bridge in the evening, seven deaf ladies and seven deaf gentlemen, under the management of Mr. J. S. Reider, held a picnic in West Park.

The second son, Royal, of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. F. Durian, had his face injured by the explosion of a fire-cracker on that day, but his eyes are all right and his face is getting better at present.

The America Boat Club, of which Mr. A. J. McGahan is a member, won two second prizes in the regatta on the Fourth.

Mr. A. J. McGahan rowed in an aluminum shell with seven fellow-members up the Schuylkill River to Manayunk, where they were the guests of the Montrose Boat Club at its new boathouse, last Sunday morning, and they enjoyed themselves a good deal, returning home in the evening. His club will enter a race in Washington, D. C., next month.

Messrs. J. Phillips and Townley H. Mondeau went over to New York City about one week ago, and they were kindly shown around for a couple of days by Mr. Haneman, of that city, and they enjoyed themselves a good deal.

Miss Anna Zeust, living here, will start for New York City next Wednesday, where she will be a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis, and also go on the excursion of the Union League Club on the 11th inst.

A good number of deaf and hearing people are anxious to go on the annual excursion of All Souls' Club to Atlantic City, next Monday morning. Will you take a dip with us? Don't forget the last boats leave Walnut and South Street wharves at 6 A.M. for the train going to the ocean.

Mr. Stephenson, the ex-coach of the Kendalls, played a game with the Camden Baseball Club, last Saturday afternoon, and was seen at All Souls' Church yesterday forenoon, and he went over to Reading, Pa., this morning, to play with the Reading Club.

In our dailies it is said that Geo. H. Cummings, the ex-pitcher of the Kendalls, has signed to play with the Reading Club.

The Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf at Mount Airy closed its doors for the summer, two Wednesdays ago.

Mr. Charley Waterhouse spent a pleasant week in Lancaster, Pa., returning home Saturday.

Several deaf-mutes will spend a few weeks out of town, but your poor correspondent will have to stay at home.

Mr. Fortescue conducted the services at All Souls' Church, yesterday morning, as Rev. Mr. Koehler was preaching to the deaf at Allentown.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Purvis spent a splendid Fourth with their brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Simon McCurdy, at Lansdale, Pa.

THE RECORDER.

PHILA., July 9, '94.

Boston.

There was on the afternoon of July 4th, a pleasant gathering of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Small at their very cosy home in Belmont. The afternoon was spent in frolicking around the house, and firing off crackers which gave a sharp appetite for their excellent supper. In the evening fireworks were set off, and at a late hour, we all departed, first thanking Mr. and Mrs. Small for their hospitality. Among them was Miss Grace H. Hastings, of East Aurora, N. Y.

The members of the Gallaudet Society have decided to give a picnic at Salem Willows, Saturday, July 14th. Should the 14th be a rainy day, it will be postponed until Monday, 16th.

A steamboat will leave Snow's Wharf at 10 A.M. The sail is a very pleasant one as it skirts along past Deer Island, Nahant, Egg Rock, Swampscott, Marblehead Neck, Salem and Beverly harbors. Any one who has not taken this sail will be well paid, should they take this trip. The willows can be reached by the Eastern Division, B. & M. R. R. to Salem, and from there to the Willows by Electric cars.

NEW YORK.

A Club Room--A Hint We Will Have One.

A SAD DROWNING ACCIDENT.

On Vacation Bound—Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Mann to go to England—Other Intended Jaunts With Coney Island Behind the Season.

From our Regular Correspondent.

July is not, apparently, an appropriate time to turn one's thoughts on the luxuries or benefits of a club room. A club room for Gotham's silent folk. Not for every blessed one of them at the outset, but eventually to come to that, with the simple proviso its rules shall be adhered to when in use.

A hint dropped during the lull in the order of "new business" at the Quad Club's meeting Saturday gives hope Gotham is at last to have the much discussed club room.

It was the smallest kind of a hint. The member that let it out stands high in popular estimation, and when he hints, it generally hints into a rumor, and the rumor becomes a fact. It will be the Quad Club's club room at the start. Unless intentions take another course, and the drift of deaf-mute clubdom affairs tumbles into the channels of single methodness, the Quad Club's club room will become the club room of the majority part of Gotham's silent folks.

The members of the club dreamed of the hint all the way home. They tucked it away on retiring, and had it in mind again while wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

It is safe to predict the hint has come to stay. About the end of July it will have grown into enlarged proportions. If it keeps on growing until the sultry days of August have gone, it will have become so imprinted that no manner of prescription, suggestions, bandage or doctoring will keep it from becoming a positive fact.

The Quad Club must hold on to that hint. It must not be allowed to grow a particle smaller than it is today. Instead, it should be given every chance to mature, and having matured, it will be to the Quad Club's credit to keep it growing until it becomes an institution the metropolitan public will be proud of.

The business transacted by the club was of little moment from a frolic point of view. Reports of officers were in order, each of which gave rise to discussion that deferred adjournment until near ten o'clock.

During the symposium that followed, a traveling sleight-of-hand performer and fire-eater entertained the members with some clever tricks that were thoroughly enjoyed. It is possible a special meeting of the club will be held on July 20th.

DEAF AND DUMB BOY DROWNED WHILE BATHING IN SOUTH BROOKLYN.

Walter Robson, sixteen years old, who resided with his aunt at No. 175 Fifty-first Street, was bathing with a number of companions at the foot of that street yesterday, when he was seen to throw up his hands and sink.

Some of the other boys swam to the place where Robson disappeared, and dived for the body, which was recovered ten minutes later by Andrew Cunningham, of No. 238 Forty-eighth Street.

An ambulance surgeon, who was summoned, said the boy was dead, and the body was taken in charge by his aunt. Just before Robson sank he had jumped from a spring-board. The doctor said the boy struck something in the water, as an examination showed that his neck was broken. Robson was deaf and dumb.—N. Y. World, July 8.

Inquiries failed to disclose whether the boy was known to any Brooklyn or New York deaf-mutes.

If Jerry Ford, of the Xavier Club, holds on to his suggestion the members have an outing during August, so it will be. Jerry is a bright young semi-mute from the Westchester School.

The season of outing has begun in earnest. Vacation is desired by all who have the wherewithal to enjoy a day or a week or longer outside the city. The fondness for the seashore seems to take front rank. Strange, it seems, that so many deaf-mute young men are unable to keep their heads above water without the aid of life-preservers. Recent yachting and boating casualties have scared many of them. Granting that oftentimes even a good swimmer meets with ill-luck, still it holds good, if the majority of persons in such casualties knew how to swim, the number of drowning accidents would be less. Learn to swim. You'll have confidence after. Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Fitzgerald find their new home on West 131st Street more acceptable than their long residence downtown. Mr. Fitzgerald spends two weeks at Asbury Park, beginning next Saturday. This will make his fourth season at that popular resort. He stops at "The Neptune."

A new chair has been added to an office in the Postal Telegraph building on lower Broadway. The office could give the Pas-a-Pas Club room two floors and still look down on it. As to the chair, it belongs to an editor, and the duties of editor, writer, and reporter fall on Theo. I. Lounsbury—"Ted" in deaf-mute journalism. The paper caters to the financial and commercial world once a week.

Peter Mitchell took in the Rhine of America on Saturday, for a two days' stay at Albany.

Miss Nettie Bothner is also at the capital city for a week's change of climate.

After the present Chicago trouble is settled, and post-office affairs get in regular order, A. A. Barnes will quit business for a fortnight's summering at Greenwich, Ct. Mrs. Barnes and the two little girls also go along.

Mr. and Mrs. Heyman have a capital route mapped out to enjoy a vacation which lasts two months, and begins this week. They stop at Albany, then take in Saratoga, Lake Champlain, Lake George, and may even cross the Canada line, with a stop at Quebec. With short sojourns on the way back, they will reach Philadelphia in time for the convention proceedings, and conclude with their usual sojourn at Atlantic City.

Mrs. Joseph Graham and child are enjoying the cool air of Mount Kisco, N. Y.

Dr. Thomas Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Mann leave for England on July 14th, on the steamer Campania. The trip will combine business and pleasure. Dr. Gallaudet expects to return about September 3d or 4th, on the Umbria. The Campania leaves her pier at 3 p.m., so those who desire to bid Dr. Gallaudet and his companion bon voyage should be on hand an hour earlier.

The death of the 8-year old daughter of Mr. Moritz Schoenfeld occurred a week ago. The little girl was visiting friends in the suburbs, and was taken very suddenly with an attack of diphtheria, which resulted in her death.

Ad. Ekardt looks out for the vacation jaunts of his three bright children. Miss Hannah is recuperating at Mt. Vernon, N. Y., as the guest of Mrs. Blair, daughter of Mr. John Redmond. His two boys will camp out on the Upper Hudson with a uniformed brigade of boys attached to the Baptist Church. The Ekardt boys are chips of the old block in the matter of intelligence. Mr. Ekardt cannot find time to leave his business, summer or winter.

Peter Redington is bound for the country, but it is a dead secret with Peter just what part of the country he intends to make his vacation retreat.

No, my dear sir, "Montague Tigg" was right. The Union League, as recorded several months ago, boasted of forty members. A glance over the daily obituary notices, and the records of the coroner's office, and the reports of those well posted on the club's roster, fails to disclose the dropping of even one of that number. The picnic of the Quad Club was attended by less than one-third of the Union League's forty members, and two of that third wore Quad Club badges. Try again. But sign your name next time.

Alf. Klemme, Richard Tweed and T. I. Lounsbury set out to celebrate the Fourth. They invested in half-a-dozen giant torpedoes. The same as are thrown to the ground with the hand, and make a report as loud as a cannon. Mr. Klemme tried one, and the result was unexpected. His eye-glasses were smashed, and a piece of the glass missed his eye by scarcely an eye-lash. The noise made could be heard blocks away. The trio otherwise had a glorious time.

Eagle Rock, out in New Jersey, some place about the Oranges, finds favor as a day resort with deaf-mutes. The Misses Housel and Redman, and Messrs. Harry Kane, Edward Shannon and F. Bolin made it their rendezvous last Sunday.

A proposition has been submitted to Dr. Gallaudet, with the object in view of increasing the attendance at the Pro-Cathedral services for deaf-mutes. It emanates from a silent cyclist, who suggests all deaf-mute riders be invited to wheel their way to church. Such an idea originated with the Rev. Mr. Scudder, an athletic inclined clergyman of New Jersey. The result was a large congregation of wheelmen. Dr. Gallaudet may give it some thought, on his return from the other side of the Big Pond.

The coming Pennsylvania Convention has a business like tone in its programme. Among others, Paeh's paper on deaf-mutes and the business world, while coming from one well posted, is bound to be read with interest.

A four-column article in Sunday's Sun, on New York's "Pioneers in Photography," contains among others a sketch with portrait of Gustavus Paeh, of Paeh Bros., who are considered the leaders in out-door and group photography.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Green will have an "At Home," July 21st, at their residence on Taylor Street, Brooklyn, the occasion commemorating the fifth anniversary of their marriage. Wooden invitations have been sent to their friends.

Rockaway's sands received the footprints of a good many silent folk on the Fourth of July, among others noticed being Mr. Maximilian Miller and Miss Clara Davis, Mr. John Redmond and lady friend, the Conlon brothers, Fred Knox, J. F. Donnelly, and their yachting friends.

A reconnoitering party went down to Coney Island on the Fourth, to arrange for the enjoyment of "Said Pshaw's" party. Lo! Coney looked as lonesome as lower Broadway on a Sunday. Since McKane's retirement, the Frankfurter man, the nickel-in-the-slot machine, the orangeade man, and the man with the machine that gives three cigars or five dollars for a

quarter, have assumed that tired feeling and departed for parts unknown. "Said Pshaw" need not alter his programme however. Coney Island's loss seems to indicate Rockaway's gain, and the panorama and et ceteras are just the same.

Mr. Henry Rumrill, of Palmyra, N. Y., accompanied by his wife and two daughters, was at the Sunday services at St. Anns.

MONTAGUE TIGG.

CONNECTICUT.

Miss Grace Chamberlin, of Jackson, Mich., is still summering in Bridgeport, as the guest of her hearing married sister. She thinks Bridgeport is a very lovely city with pretty parks.

Mrs. William Munger, of Bridgeport, is summering in the country at the home of her parents, which is about eighteen miles from Worcester, Mass. Her little son seems to enjoy the country air. She expects to remain there with her little son until August or September. Mr. Munger may join them in about two weeks.

Henry Ward, of West Haven, has been the guest of Mr. Munger since last Thursday afternoon.

Miss Edith Marshall, of Bridgeport, is spending her vacation in New Hampshire as the guest of Miss Flora Noyes, and expects to remain there until next month.

Mrs. Robert Beers returned to Bridgeport with her husband from Weymouth, Mass., where she had been staying since last May. She is the happy owner of a pretty English pug dog.

Miss Dobbie Marshall, of Bridgeport, who graduated from "Old Hartford" last June with high honors seems to be very fond of reading. She can get all the good books she wants from the Bridgeport Library, which is free. She is preparing to enter Gallaudet College.

Bridgeport has been lately visited by two deaf-mute peddlers, both hailing from the West.

The Fourth has come and gone. Bridgeport's silent folks celebrated it in a pleasant manner. A large crowd gathered near the house of Miss Grace Chamberlin's sister. Large balloons were ascended and fireworks set off. It was a splendid sight to the deaf that witnessed it from Miss Grace Chamberlin's sister lawn. At Odgen Street the deaf celebrated the day in quiet manner. Messrs. John Muth and William Munger spent the day at Sayin Rock near West Haven. Among those from out of town at Sayin Rock, who amused themselves from there to Merwin Point, we noticed Messrs. Erbe, Hine, Muth, Lewis, Munger, Saxe, Flannigan, and Misses Weis, Burke Schmas, McQueen, Sherman, Mrs. Beach. Miss Burke performed some wonderful dancing and won applause from her deaf friends. Mr. Erbe found a boy's bathing suit, and tried to put it on, but it was no easy job, and finally had to give it up. Poor Erbe did not get a dip in the waters, but had instead a great deal of amusement with the bathing suit that was too small for him. Mr. Lewis, a student of Gallaudet College, enjoyed half an hour swim at Merwin Point. About two hours were spent at Merwin Point. The shower which for a time looked severe frightened the silent people to Rocky Beach, but after it disappeared they returned and enjoyed a shore-dinner, including ice-cream and fruits, and drinking rootbeer and lemonade. The boys had some fun in discharging firecrackers with the intention of scattering the young ladies so that they could not eat too much ice-cream. Messrs. Muth and Munger took the first evening train for Bridgeport, where they arrived in time to view the fireworks. The rest of the party enjoyed themselves till a late hour. Mr. Erbe staid over night in New Haven, and took a morning train for Waterbury.

Mr. Saxe, of Waterbury, spent his three days vacation in Wallingford. Miss Emma Atkinson, of New Britain, with a party of friends are in Philadelphia for several weeks' stay.

Mr. Seaman, of Bridgeport, had a fine time "claiming" with Mr. Munger near Pleasure Beach one day recently, and ate about a bushel of clams, which his faithful wife baked.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cook expect to move to South California before long. Their baby is growing into a fine boy.

Mr. Abe Marshall has been in Norwalk, Portchester, Stamford and New Canaan, Ct., visiting friends. He considers New Canaan one of the best of the small towns in Connecticut, with its many beautiful sceneries it makes an admirable summer home. It was in New Canaan that his mother was born. The house is about one hundred years old.

BRIDGEPORT.

July 8, '94

Teaching Deaf-Mutes.

In beginning to teach deaf-mutes the art of speech they are first placed before a mirror and taught to form with their lips the different vowel sounds used in speaking. But this is not all. Sounds are produced not only by the lips, but by the larynx, the vibration of which is the strongest in the region known as the "Adam's apple." The pupil places his finger upon his master's throat while that vibration is going on, and, touching his own, tries to imitate it. Then, when he is in possession of these elements of speech, he has only to combine them in order to produce syllables, words and phrases. The lips of deaf-mutes are always far less supple than those of persons normally developed, and constantly require systematic exercise. The eyes do not need to be taught keenness, as they are always on the watch to supply information usually furnished by hearing; but they are taught to create great power of fixation, so that the attention may be concentrated without diversion upon the lips of any person speaking.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

COLUMBUS.

Fourth of July Visitors.

ENTERTAINMENTS MULTIPLY.

Jottings of the Week.

(From our Columbus correspondent.)

Independence Day among the deaf of Columbus was spent in a quiet manner. There was no preconcerted action for a general observance of the event among them, but each spent the day in a manner as best suited him or her. Messrs. Charles Elsey and Mrs. J. C. Pier accompanied an excursion to Sandusky. They visited the State Soldiers Home and spoke in glowing terms of the institution. They also enjoyed a ride on Lake Erie, stopping at a number of the famous islands. They reached home about ten o'clock in the evening more than pleased with their trip. Misses Fowles and Moore of the bindery hid themselves to Mansfield where they joined a party of mutes in the participation of a picnic and report having had a good time. A number of the deaf from the surrounding towns made it convenient to come to Columbus but they found little, aside the general Fourth of July noise to attract them. Were the city deaf on such an occasion to get up some kind of entertainment it would draw a crowd. They seem to lack this spirit from either selfishness or something else. Among the out-of-town deaf here on the 4th were Christian Stansberger, who had not been here for a dozen years or more, Frank Mingo, and Mr. and Mrs. Allen Hisehook of Portsmouth, Corban Alkire, of Mt. Sterling, Mr. Joseph R. Goldman, of Middletown, who combined business with pleasure, pertaining to the greenhouse he has recently started up with another party Bert. Worststaff, of Ashley, came down on his bike in the morning and returned home in the afternoon. He is one of the successful candidates for the Introductory class of the National Deaf-Mute College. Frank Gillespie, of Cincinnati, also came up, and is spending several days on particular business. There were several others here, but their names have escaped our memory. Mr. Gillespie reports that Fred. Bierlein with Burkhardt & Co., the furriers, has been laid off till September. Several other deaf of Cincinnati are working on half time, owing to the depression of the times.

Some of the resident lady teachers of the Institution had a little picnic of their own at Franklin Park, Tuesday afternoon and evening. Each brought along a well-filled basket and what they didn't have in the eating line wasn't worth eating.

The cool breezes of the park helped to sharpen their appetites and lend zest to their enjoyments. Those who made up the party were Mrs. Zell and her two children, Ernest and Ethel, Mrs. Berry, Miss Doane, Miss Thompson, Miss Feasley, Miss Stelzig, Miss Cunningham and Miss Edgar.

Mrs. Helen Rose, formerly matron of the institution, is in Fulton, Mo., considering an offer made her to fill a like position in the Missouri School.

Mrs. Mansur and Miss Atwood left Thursday to attend the meeting of the oral association at Lake Chautauqua. These are the only persons to go from our institution. Mr. McGregor proposed going, but the railway company didn't come down enough in its fare to make the expenses reasonable in these pinching times. Several others would have gone but for the above reason. Miss Gracie Rose, of this city, is also there.

Ex-Superintendent Knott, in connection with his duties as one of the State School examiners, was a visitor in the city during the week. Miss Feasley and several of his late associates in the institution had the pleasure of meeting and talking with him. His term as examiner will expire the last of August, and as it is the custom not to give a reappointment to the same person, Mr. Knott's visits to Columbus will be less frequent. He was re-elected Superintendent of the Mansfield School at a recent meeting of the school board for another year, the motion being made and seconded by men opposed to him in politics, thus showing that Mr. Knott is getting popular. There are several deaf-mutes residing in Mansfield, and Mr. Knott tells us he meets and converses with them frequently.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leib are rejoicing over the addition of a boy who recently arrived in the family.

During the fire at the institution the day before school closed, Miss Emma Sutherland, one of the pupils, lost a gold watch presented her last fall. Search was made for it but without avail. Recently a son of Mrs. Willing, who works in the state bindery, found the ticker down near the west front gate. It has been sent to the owner.

One of the pleasant sociables of the season was that given by Miss Doane at the home of her brother, Hon. J. M. Doane, on East Oak Street, last evening. The first part of the evening was spent on the porch in conversation. After the serving of refreshments, the kind which tickle the palate and cool the average person at

this season of the year the party stepped inside and tried their hands at puzzling conundrums. A list of five had been written out on sheets of paper, and a copy given to each guest to solve. Scarcely any one could give the correct answer to each without assistance. Here is a copy:

1st. "A—old woman on—
bent,
Put on her—and out she went,
Then, Oh—my dear,
What shall I do to—to-day."

The first blank is to be filled with a word of four letters which upon changing will fit the remaining blank so as to give the verse sense.

2d. A blind beggar had a brother and that brother died. The brother that died had said he had no brother. What relation was the blind beggar to the brother who died?

3d. Write "new door" in such a manner as a make only one word.

4th. Write "enough" in such a way as to make it not enough.

5. A man went up into a tower having nothing with him but a goose. There were no stairs, in fact, nothing to assist him to get down. How did he get down?

Nearly every one attempted to give the correct answers. Some very funny mistakes were made, and it was this which made the work amusing. Here are some of the answers—1st vile, evil, veil, levi, live.

2d. A Sister. 3d. One word. 4th. One hug. 5th. He picked the goose and got down.

Those who were present were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Greener; Mrs. Zell, Miss Zell, Ernest Zell, Miss Thompson, Miss Feasley, Miss Francis Baker, Miss Adelia Barker, Miss Annie Harbaugh, and Mrs. Doane.

Mrs. Flora Voelkel Rose is visiting in the city. At present Mr. and Mrs. Rose are making their home with the latter's parents in Grove City, but in the fall will remove to this city to reside.

A. B. G.

FUNERAL OF A DEAF-MUTE.

(Chicago Daily News, June 27, '94.)

Sunday a funeral service overflowing with strange pathos took place in a modest little cottage at 561 West Taylor street. Charles J. Shuttler, a mute, was buried from there, the Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab, who is a mute pastor in charge of the Chicago Mission for the Deaf, officiating. The ceremonies were not only intensely touching but of so rare and spiritual a sadness that it seems akin to the world of mystery beyond the reach of pitiful words and sorrow's voice.

The silent friends of the handsome youth were there with wide, dry eyes, dumb lips and noiseless gestures eloquent in grief. He was to have been married next month, and his girlish bride sat apart, a pathetic statue of dumb despair. The Pas-a-Pas Club, an association of mutes, brought great, loose bunches of white roses, anchors and sheaves of fresh, green wheat; they wept little, but stood with clasped hands and burning eyes as near the remains of their lost comrade as gentle unobtrusiveness would allow. The moans of the white-haired mother were the only sounds in the deathly calm of sadness, and when a volunteer quartet intoned a soft, minor hymn, in immovable silence the throng of mutes let the hushed song brush by ears which never had heard music, and the few in that strangely mourning crowd who could hear and cry felt denied a deeper commune with the subtleties of sympathy.

The sermon was given in the sign language and a quiet, low-voiced man put the gentle sentences into words for those who did not understand the beautiful pantomime. In turn when the hymns were sung a lovely young dumb woman, who could hear, epitomized the sentiment of the verses to the eager group of deaf-mutes. Chas. Shuttler, the deceased, was twenty-five years old, and of exceptional intelligence and high morals. He had a quaint perception of the humors and was something of a cherished wit among the silent class of which he was so popular a member. For some years he had worked industriously as a wood carver. He has one brother who is also a mute, and a sister, Emma Shuttler, who not only hear and speaks, but is a fine singer, and years ago was considered the prettiest girl on the west side. The minister, Philip Hasenstab, was married only last week, and came home from his bridal trip to be ready with the unspoken consolation begged for the dying sorrow. His bride is a pale, sweet, wraith, with a deep-eyed, solemn beauty almost angelic. She hears, and translated the hymns from the tender words to the appealing sign-language, which seemed like conjuring materialism from pure emotion or touching heart chords with her delicate, expressive fingers and eloquent eyes. The cottage was filled with flowers and a long train of friends followed the dead mute to the grave, which will be no more silent than the brave, dumb life he accepted so cheerfully and spent so worthily.

Erie, Pa.

A new baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Smith, on the 29th of June. The next day the baby died.

Mr. James Conway returned home from a short visit to his friends last Monday.

The "Comets" of this city defeated Girard base-ball club at Girard, Pa., last Saturday score 25 to 3 in favor of the "Comets."

Emil Straus wears new long pants for the first time in his life.

O. C.

MINNESOTA.

The Third Annual Convention at Minneapolis.

ONE HUNDRED IN ATTENDANCE.

The Banquet at the West Hotel—Mayor Eustis Present—Toasts and Addresses.

Minneapolis Evening Tribune, July 2.

At the Y. M. C. A. Building in this city is in session the third annual convention of the deaf-mutes of the Northwest, with perhaps 100 mutes, mostly from the Twin Cities, in attendance. The work of the convention began Saturday evening with a business meeting over which Prof. Smith, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Faribault, presided. Committees on nomination of officers and on rules were appointed.

At 10:30 yesterday morning devotional services were held at the Y. M. C. A. Building, at which a goodly number were present. The sermon by Prof. Smith, was entirely given by the sign language.

To-day a number of papers were read by members of the faculty of the Faribault school and other members of the convention.

The manual alphabet representing the letters of the English alphabet which are used in communication with one another by the deaf of the United States and Canada, and in a modified form it is also used in continental Europe. Where, when or by whom this alphabet was invented is not precisely known. Some say it was devised by a Spanish monk. By others, George Dalgarno, a Scotchman who lived more than a century ago, is said to have been the inventor.

As a substitute for speech, the finger alphabet is more worthy of respect than many would suppose. First, it is noiseless. By its communication can be carried on between two persons without disturbing others. In the second place, it is rapid. Practice with it, like practice on the typewriter or telegraph instrument, gives quite a marvelous speed. One skilled in the use of the finger alphabet can interpret, word for word, a sermon or a lecture addressed to the ears of the public.

Although the alphabet was designed to help the deaf, and is used mainly by them, yet hearing people would find it a great advantage to learn it. Deaf people are met everywhere, and the ability to talk with them would be useful. But aside from this, there are many occasions where the ability to use the finger alphabet would be convenient. Friends could communicate across a room, or at a party or other public gatherings without disturbing others.

There is a story told of a lady who discovered a robber in her room. He threatened to kill her if she gave the alarm. Pretty soon her husband's step was heard. The robber hid behind the bed curtains, first telling the lady not to tell her husband if she valued her life. But it happened that the husband and wife had learned the finger alphabet of the deaf. Quietly the lady spelled off on her fingers the information about the robber. The husband went out and quickly returned with help, and the law-breaker, taken by surprise, was captured.

The finger alphabet is easily learned in a short time, and practice will give rapidity.

It is a novel experience for a reporter to behold a gathering of deaf-mutes seated around a banquet table partaking of the various courses and talking to one another by means of a mysterious sign-language. By manipulating their fingers those non-hearing people convey bright ideas to one another in the twinkling of an eye. It is indeed marvelous to watch them and to a person who never saw it, it is a rare novelty. Toasts are responded to by this peculiar finger movement, and if the mutes desire to listen to a few remarks by others not mutes an interpreter, possessed of the key-note to the mysterious sign-language, is appointed to interpret the remarks of the speaker and by quick manipulation of the fingers conveys them to the minds of the "listeners." This is all well enough for the mutes but a very tedious job for the person who is unfortunate enough to be called upon to address the gathering, so slow in the translation. Mayor Eustis knows, if he would but admit it. He underwent the ordeal last night at the banquet given by the Minnesota Association of the Deaf at the West hotel.

The banquet was a delightful as well as instructive one, to the mutes alone, of course. The spacious and lofty dining hall was handsomely decorated for the occasion and the tables abounded with all the delicacies imaginable.

Following the supper came the toasts of the evening, responded to by members of the association, and addresses by Mayor Eustis and Gov. Nelson. These two estimable gentlemen manifested much interest during the "remarks" of the members of the association on their

respective subjects. Mayor Eustis in his address commended them for their enterprise in holding such a gathering for the purpose of bettering their minds, wished them prosperity, etc. Several times he forgot that he was talking through an interpreter and burst into a flood of eloquence, facing first one side of the hall and then the other and talking with his usual rapidity. The interpreter smiled at this, the mutes thought it a good joke and laughed heartily, while the mayor acknowledged himself out of order and joined the laugh. At the conclusion of his remarks he was warmly applauded.

In all there were 100 members of the association seated around the two long tables, men and women evenly divided. The toasts responded to were: "Our State, the Star of the North," by De Witt Tinsley; "Our School," John Schwartz; "The Board of Directors," Judge R. A. Mott; "Our Superintendent," J. L. Smith; "Our Graduates," A. B. Spear; "Our College Student," Thomas Sheridan; "The Tinsley Society," Anthony Schroeder; "The Wing Society," Lee P. Dane; "The Minnesota Association of the Deaf," Olof Hanson; "The Ladies," J. S. Bowen.

To-day the association will hold a picnic at Lake Harriet and to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock occurs the final session of the convention.

FANWOOD.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

One of the JOURNAL composers, Fred Bachman, recently had an honorary degree conferred upon him from an illegitimate source. A letter came the other day, addressed to "Fred Bachman, Ph.D." It was from his mischievous schoolmate, Jim Avens, who is spending vacation at home. Fred is very proud of this tait to his name.

William Abrams' brother Frank was here to see him on Sunday, the 8th.

Principal Currier, accompanied by Mrs. Currier, left here for the convention of the oral association at Chautauqua, on Saturday last. He will read a paper entitled "History of Articulation Teaching at the New York Institution."

Prof. Fox will probably follow next week, to spend his vacation with the Principal.

Salutatorian A. Baxter of the class of 1894, was here Friday.

Miss Bertha Block, a student of Gallaudet College, was here on Sunday afternoon, the 8th.

The Fourth of July passed away pleasantly at the Institution. No fire-works were allowed on the grounds, but up on the Boulevard, there was plenty of noise. The pupils had ice-cream at dinner for dessert.

Robert McVea, a pupil, was a Saturday visitor.

Hiram Black was here on July 4th. Prof. Jones preached from Job 11: 20 in the boys' sitting-room on Sunday morning.

Messrs. S. Weiman and Hirsch were here Sunday to see Supervisor Brown.

Mr. John S. Gilbert, one of the directors of the Northern New York Institution, was a visitor on Saturday and Sunday.

Several of the pupils expect to attend the Union League excursion up the Hudson to Oseawana Island, on Wednesday, July 11th.

In the JOURNAL sanctum, propped up against the wall on a small shelf, is an old clock. This ancient time-piece was found by Henry Bettels some years ago, in a rusty and "comatose" state among other relics of the Institution. Long inactivity had spoiled the works, and disfigured the wood-work, and the clock was deemed worthless by most of the inmates. But Henry, who was of a decidedly mechanical turn, took the machinery apart to see if he could not restore it to working order. He succeeded after several trials and great labor, and the clock kept excellent time for the JOURNAL composers up to the day of Henry's graduation. After that, it absolutely refused to run for more than two days at a time, and was abandoned as being of no value. It now stands silent and inactive on the shelf its tired hands pointing grimly to the eleventh hour. Henry graduated with an eleven-year diploma, and it is thought by some that excessive grief at his absence is the cause of the clock's mechanical derangement. Poor clock!

The following postal was received from Mr. Bettels last week.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 3, 1894.

DEAR SIR:—I met an awful accident but did not get much hurt. My right temple is swollen to the size of an apple, my upper arm (left) has two deep cuts. A friend collided with me recently. I feel better now, but I think I will not enter the A. A. C. on July 7th, I am too weak.

Yours truly,
H. BETTELS.

So this is why he has not yet won a race. His best time is 2.324 for a mile. When properly trained, he thinks he can do the distance in 2.20. He has our best wishes for his future success.

Johnny Kaiser spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday at home.

THRESMAL.

July 10, 1894.

Mrs. Albert V. Ballin made her proud husband a present in the shape of a beautiful girl baby shortly before seven o'clock, July 8th, in Union Springs, N. Y. The child was born in the same room and near the same spot where its parents were married last September. Both mother and child are doing splendidly. Mr. and Mrs. Ballin are keeping house in a part of Mr. and Mrs. J. De Smet's house, and consider it an advantageous and comfortable arrangement.

COMMENCEMENT AT THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL.

Closing Exercises at the State School for Deaf-Mutes in Trenton.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SCHOOL

The Skilful Work of the Children and the Instructors Who Teach Them to Do It.

From the New York Herald.

It was commencement week at the State Deaf-Mute School in Trenton. It was different from the general run of commencements, because there was no music, no song, no addresses, no essays—nothing but little children and silence. There were flowers and plants, and lots of bright faces. It was a noiseless solemn display, far more interesting than the exercises where white dresses and ribbon bound essays prevail.

To supply the deficiencies in the mute's senses several methods of expression are adopted, and a demonstration of these methods was given at their unique commencement to show to what degree of proficiency the deaf and dumb can be brought. With few exceptions all these exercises were done on the blackboard or by other ocular demonstration. A few of the pupils are able to answer questions, and even to converse with the mouth.

The programme opened with prayer by Rev. Oscar S. Bunting, of St. Michael's Church, and was followed by exercises by the pupils of different grades, as follows:—

Writing sentences—"Five slate me hod," by pupils five months at school. Taught by Mrs. M. P. Erwin.
Exercises—First grade, sense training, vocal drill, speech, lip reading. Taught by Miss Edith E. Brown.
Description of objects—Third Grade. Taught by Mrs. R. E. Lloyd.
Oral lesson in mental arithmetic—Fourth grade. Taught by Miss Jean Christman.
Literature class—Seventh grade. Taught by Miss V. H. Bunting.
Local geography—Fifth grade. Taught by Miss F. A. Brown.
Arithmetic—Eighth grade. Taught by Dr. G. H. Quackenbos.
Lip reading—Second grade. Taught by Mrs. Rosa Keeler.

One lady in the audience handed up a fan adorned with a thermometer. A little girl was asked what it was, and replied with her voice, "It is a temperature." Some of these pupils worked out some interesting problems. One girl was asked the question—A post stands one-eighth in the mud, one-quarter in the water and sixteen feet above the water. How long was the post? A boy was given the question—How shall I divide 62,319 sheeps in five pens, so that the second shall contain twice the first, and the third twice as many as the second? And so on. Some people in the audience put the other pupils to the test by getting them to work out problems in discount and interest, and not a few proved themselves to be almost lightning calculators.

DUMB LIPS TALK.

The most interesting feature of the commencement was the lip exercises. Four bright girls of the second grade gave the exhibition. One of the girls acted as the teacher to the others, repeating to them what the regular teacher told her to say. The girls were unusually bright, and the little teacher repeated the sentences, looked at them after they were written, and had corrections made in a way that would do credit to a grown teacher.

It takes eight years to go through the New Jersey Deaf-Mute School, and three of the pupils completed the term this week and were given certificates. They were Charles H. Fay, of Newark; Sarah E. Cassidy, East Orange; and Harriet C. Hamill, Riverdale. Several branches of mechanical training are conducted at this school, under competent masters, that incidentally furnish a trade to both the girls and the boys, and fit them for a usefulness after they leave the institution.

The boys develop a remarkable adaptability for wood work, and some fine specimens of constructive and decorative wood work are annually shown during commencement week, and there is enough of it done to enable the school to maintain a special exhibit at the Interstate Fair. The girls are taught needlework of all kinds from plain mending to art embroidery. Those who have artistic talent are encouraged to draw and paint. A class in decorative painting was so successfully conducted that recently several of the pupils were given employment in the finest decorative pottery in Trenton. There is a class in shoemaking, and a class in printing, too.

The printing establishment has acquired a national reputation, for it issues the smallest daily paper in the United States, and one of the best monthly publications devoted to the interest of the deaf. It is called "The Silent Worker." Its typography is almost perfect. The "Daily Bulletin" is an interesting little sheet, edited and produced entirely by the class in printing. The boys take turns in doing duty as reporter, and each afternoon a small sheet 6 by 9 inches is produced, giving the latest news about the school, and occasionally about events in the

locality. Here are some of the items, clipped at random from the publications:—

"Dr. Quackenbos saw a blackbird on the grass. The blackbirds are very bad. They destroy the eggs on other birds and kill the little birds."

"Willie Waterbury looks as wise as a professor with his spectacles." "Christopher Hoff is nicknamed 'The Giraffe' on account of his great height."

"The Yale-Princeton game will be played at Princeton to-day. Don't we wish we could go?" "Yesterday afternoon little Luigi Pugliese fell off the coalbox, near the laundry, and scratched his face. Last night he had a nightmare (i. e., a bad dream) and fell out of bed. He was quite sick and he is now in the hospital."

"Yesterday Mr. Hearn made some root beer for the boys who help him in the store room. This morning he bottled it."

"Yesterday Mrs. Charles Breese, of Eatontown, was here with her mother and her two deaf children, aged eight and five years respectively. They stayed several hours and went all through the school. Mrs. Breese will send the little boy to school here next September."

"Josie Hattersley is going to Mrs. Jenkins to learn a new sign recitation. It is very pretty."

"The electric cars will soon run in front of the school, and the children must be very careful never to go near the track."

"Dr. Quackenbos brought his electric battery to school this morning. He gave some of the pupils a shock. They thought it was very funny."

"Mr. Hearn will plant pond lilies in the yard, I think, if this weather continues. It has rained seventeen days out of the last twenty."

SOME STATISTICS.

The school for deaf-mutes is under the direct supervision of the State Board of Education. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Paterson, who is connected with Columbia College of New York, is the chairman of the Managing Committee. The State pays \$304 per annum for each pupil in the institution, and there are 120 pupils in the school. During the last session of the Legislature \$15,000 was appropriated for the purpose of making repairs and improvements to the grounds and buildings, as more room is needed to develop the industrial training.

The countries contributing the largest number of pupils are Essex, 65; Hudson, 43; Passaic, 23; Mercer, 22; Warren, 14; Camden, 14; and Burlington, 11. The statistics of the institution show that deafness is more common in the city than in the country in proportion to population, and much more frequent among the children of foreign born than native parents. In Hudson county 70 per cent of deaf-mutes are of foreign born parentage, while in Essex the percentage is 63. The intermarriage of relatives is given as one of the causes for congenital deafness. The records of the institution show two cases in which the parents were first cousins, and in two others there was a more distant relationship. The marriages of deaf-mutes among their own class have been held up as another cause. The record of this school shows seven pupils of deaf-mute parents, representing four families, with a total of nine children.

It costs about \$38,000 to run the institution. The law controlling admission provides that indigent deaf-mutes who are legally residents of the State, not less than eight years of age nor more than twenty-one, can be admitted for a term of three years, but the term can be extended in the judgment of the trustees to eight; that is, where pupils show an adaptability for improvement in acquiring knowledge and the use of the mouth.

Weston Jenkins, M. A., who is the superintendent of the school, is a well-known educator of the deaf, and he has had charge of the institution since it opened in 1883. He was born in Massachusetts and was educated at Williams College, in that State. He acquired his familiarity with deaf-mute instruction in the New York institution, where he taught for twelve years, and by professional study under Dr. Graham Bell, who, before attaining distinction as an inventor, was a most successful trainer of tactics in articulation. A number of deaf-mutes

who have been pupils of Mr. Jenkins have become useful and successful in various walks of life. He is much sought after as a speaker in the sign language at deaf-mute gatherings.

SILENT REVELRY.

The other officers of the institution are:—Steward—Thomas F. Hearn. Martin—Laurence F. Lyers. Supervisor of Girls—Lola M. Swartz. Supervisor of boys—Michael P. Condon. Nurse—Elizabeth V. Smith. Attending Physician—William S. Lalor. M. D. Teachers—Rowland B. Lloyd, A. B.; Virginia H. Bunting, Rosa Keeler, Edith E. Brown, Mary P. Erwin, George H. Quackenbos, M. D.; Jean Christmas, and Florence A. Brown. Teacher of Drawing and Needlework—Frances C. Porter. Classes in Printing—George S. Porter, Classes in Shoemaking—Walter Whelan.

The life in the deaf-mute school is lively, even if it is quiet. The boys have a first class baseball club, with a very good amateur record. The girls give entertainments of various kinds, at which sign recitations and dialogues prevail. Fêtes and festivals, phantom parties and masquerade parties are given during the course of the year. On Washington's Birthday a Washington tea party is given, at which the little folks are dressed in "ye ancient costume" and represent the various historical characters.

THE SECOND CONVENTION OF THE MARYLAND ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

The Second Convention of the Maryland Association of the Deaf will take place July 24th to 27th inclusive in Baltimore. The sessions of the Convention will be held in the church on Madison, near Calvert St. The following programme has been adopted for the four days of the Convention:—

Tuesday, July 24th, Opening of the Convention at 10 o'clock A. M. Afternoon session, 2 to 5 P. M. Evening session, 8 to 10 P. M. The Report of the Committee on the Constitution and By Laws will be submitted, and various papers read and discussed.

Wednesday, July 25th, Sixteenth annual reunion and picnic of the present and former pupils of the Maryland School for the Deaf at Grove No. 3, Druid Hill Park. Thursday, July 26th, Excursion to Bay Ridge on the steamer, Columbia.

Friday, July 27th, Sessions of the Convention 9 to 12 P. M. Banquet in the Equitable Cafe 8 P. M.

Arrangements have been made with the railroads and hotels for reduced rates, and members desiring to avail themselves of these special rates should communicate with the Committee in charge, Messrs. J. W. L. Unsworth, (726 St. Peter St., Baltimore) J. A. Brandlick, (1411 Ridge Place, Baltimore) or R. E. Underwood, (Madison near Calvert St., Baltimore) and secure certificates entitling them to the reduction.

Tickets to the banquet will cost \$1.00 each and should be obtained in advance from the Committee, Messrs. McElroy, Unsworth and Underwood.

The Baltimore Society of the Deaf has kindly placed its hall in the basement of the church on Madison St., at the disposal of the Convention and will entertain visitors, a competent person, being placed in charge to give necessary information.

Those who will attend the Convention from outside of Baltimore will kindly inform the secretary of the Committee, Mr. J. A. Brandlick, 1411 Ridge Place, Baltimore.

The Sessions of the Convention will be opened to visitors and a cordial invitation is extended to all interested in the deaf to attend.

G. W. VEDTZ, Chairman, 606 S. Paca St., Baltimore.

J. A. BRANDLICK, Secretary, 1411 Ridge Place.

WM. McELROY, J. W. UNSWORTH, R. E. UNDERWOOD, GEORGE LEITNER, Committee of Arrangement.

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TENTH GRAND ANNUAL Afternoon & Evening Picnic

OF THE
BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES,

ON
SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1894.

AT
Ridgewood Colosseum
(Ridgewood, L. I.)

TICKETS, 25 CENTS.

(Children under 12 free.)

MUSIC BY PROF. I. BAUER.

COMMITTEE ON ARRANGEMENTS.
ARCHIE J. McLAUREN, Chairman.
JULIUS WOLLMANN, FRANK ECKA.

ROUTE.—23d Street, New York City, boat to Broadway, Brooklyn. Take the elevated train to Myrtle Avenue and Broadway (transfer) and thence to last station at Ridgewood. Take trolley cars—Myrtle Avenue or Grand Avenue or Bushwick or Graham Avenue (transfer). It is the same park where the Society held its picnic last year.

THE SIXTEENTH BIENNIAL CONVENTION OF THE EMPIRE STATE ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES

WILL BE HELD IN
SYRACUSE, N. Y.,

Friday, August 17, 1894.

The sessions will be held in

FREEMAN'S HALL

Jefferson St., near Grape St.

It is a new building, and conveniently situated. the Assembly room is up one flight of stairs only.

Business Meeting, 9:15 A. M.
Papers, Addresses, etc., at 2:30 P. M.

HOTELS.
The Vanderbilt House, \$2.00 per day for two persons in one room; \$2.50 to \$3.00 for one person to a room.
The Globe Hotel, \$2.00

Any one wishing to read, or have read a paper at the Convention, will please let the Secretary know.

Arrangements will be made for the usual picnic, on Saturday, the 18th, by the local deaf-mutes.

Further particulars in future issues of this paper.

C. O. DANTZER, President,

706 Harrison Street, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

C. S. RISLEY, Secretary,

609 N. Washington St., ROME, N. Y.

DEAF-MUTE PRINTERS

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THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M,
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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we publish in this column, in ALPHABETICAL order, a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes.

ALL SOULS WORKING PEOPLE'S CLUB & CLERICAL LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

This club, organized on September 23d, 1893, and reorganized November 28th, 1893, is entirely non-sectarian, and any deaf person over eighteen years of age may join it by agreeing to pay a small sum of money monthly for its support. The purpose of the club is to promote the intellectual and social welfare of its members, and to receive while at school, by a course of lectures and other literary exercises, and the provision of reading matter of a suitable character. In addition, harmless and educational amusements are provided. The club has the use of the guild rooms in All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Franklin Street, above Green. The officers of the club are: Rev. J. M. Koehler, Ex-officio Chairman; Vacant Vice-Chairman; M. C. Fortescue, President; Wm. McKinley, First Vice-President; Herbert Scott, Second Vice-President; J. S. Reider, Secretary and Treasurer, whose address is No. 1812 Marston Street; Mrs. J. S. Reider, Assistant Secretary; Wm. McKinley, Assistant Treasurer; and Harry Gunkel, Sergeant-at-Arms. The club rooms are open on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings.

ANDERSON CLUB.

The Anderson Club of Cincinnati, O., was reorganized in 1893, the name being changed from the Anderson Society organized in 1879, and has for its object the bettering of the moral, intellectual and physical welfare of its members. Opens its rooms every night and business meetings on first Saturday night, and ladies' night on fourth Saturday night of each month. Non-resident visitors are welcome. A. Rembeck, President; B. C. Wortman, Vice-President; S. J. Bacheber, Secretary; A. L. Bierlein, Treasurer; Dan. J. Hordern, Librarian, and Aug. Bos, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Secretary's address is 36 Jones Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

APOLLO WORKINGMEN'S CLUB.

The object of the Apollo Workingmen's Club, a branch of Southwark Turn and Songstageschul, is to advance its members in all branches of manual and physical welfare. Members take regular exercise in the gymnasium of the Verein every Tuesday and Friday evenings. Business meetings are held on the first Saturday evening of every month at the Southwark Turn Halle, 1127-33 Wharton Street. The officers for 1892-93 are: President, William G. Pownall; Vice-President, Abraham Guggenbuehl; Secretary, James E. Morony; Assistant Secretary, Henry Lipssett; and Treasurer, Wm. Henry Lipssett. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary at Southwark Turn Halle, 1127-33 Wharton Street, Phila.

BALTIMORE DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY.

The Society holds its meetings every alternate Wednesday in the basement of the First Baptist Church, on Madison Street, one door east of Calvert St. Its object is for improving the mental faculties of the deaf, and of cultivating a taste for literature, oratory and debate, and of exerting a good moral influence by social intercourse. Lectures will be announced from time to time by the President. The officers are: A. Brandlick, Vice-President; R. E. Underwood, Secretary; James H. Mooney, Treasurer; J. E. Fowle, Sergeant-at-Arms; E. E. Butterbaugh, Address all letters, etc., to the Baltimore Society for the Deaf, Madison St., 1 Door East Calvert.

BROOKLYN GUILD FOR DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Guild for Deaf-Mutes, of St. Mark's P. E. Church, organized January 7th, 1892, meets in Adelphi Street, bet. Dekalb and Willoughby Avenues, Brooklyn. The meetings are held in the room of St. Mark's Chapel, on the first Thursday of each month, at 8 P. M. Object: To help the needy and destitute among the religious deaf-mutes in Brooklyn. The present officers are: President, James S. Orr; Vice-President, H. J. Johnson; Secretary, George B. Backhaus; Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. G. Gilbert, 835 Evergreen Avenue, Brooklyn.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. of San Francisco. President, George Grady; Vice-President, Kooth Selig; Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow; Treasurer, Henry J. McCoy; Librarian, Frank B. Shattuck. Divine services first and third Sundays in each month, alternate at 11 A. M. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to the Secretary, Wm. H. Winslow, 239 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE OF NEW YORK CITY.

This organization is one formed for the purpose of bringing into closer intercourse the former students of the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes, the City of New York, and to disseminate such views as will tend to their welfare. It meets on the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month, at 208 East 67th Street. President, Francis W. Nubser; First Vice-President, E. Souvaine; Second Vice-President, James B. Gass; Secretary, Samuel Frankelstein, 205 East 7th Street; Financial Secretary, Simon Hirsch; Treasurer, A. C. Bachrach.

FANWOOD QUAD CLUB.

The Fanwood Quad Club is an organization composed mainly of deaf journeymen and writers for the deaf press in New York and vicinity, but it is not confined to these alone, and admits any deaf person who has attained the age of discretion, and is of good character and intelligent. Its object is "to cultivate fraternal feelings, to promote the social relations, and to uphold and assist what is deemed helpful or to the deaf at large." The officers for the ensuing year are: Edwin A. Hodgson, President; Adolph Eklund, Vice President; Robert E. Maynard, Secretary; Thos. F. Fox, Treasurer. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, 20 Terrace Place, Yonkers, N. Y.

GALLAUDET SOCIETY, OF BOSTON.

The Gallaudet Society for Deaf-Mutes, organized 1886; reorganized 1892, and incorporated June, 1892, is an unsectarian society, and holds its meetings Wednesday at 7:45 P. M., at St. Andrew's Hall, 38 Chambers Street, Boston, Mass. Literary exercises once a month, lectures, social gatherings, etc., occasionally. The officers for 1892-93 are: Edwin W. Frisbie, President; A. A. Small, Vice-President; Wm. H. Lane, Secretary; A. S. Tufts, Treasurer, and Mrs. J. P. Frisbie, Librarian. Communications are to be addressed to the Secretary, 38 Chambers Street, St. Andrew's Hall, Boston, Mass.

KANSAS CITY DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

This club, organized January 7th, 1893, is entirely non-sectarian. Any deaf or semi-mute gentleman can join by paying the initiation fee of \$1.00 and stipulated annual dues. The purpose of the club is to cultivate the social and mental improvement of its members, to provide suitable reading matter, also social games, and to stimulate general harmony amongst themselves. A good deaf-mute in his private character of father, son or husband fulfill their native claims with fidelity. Honest, sober and industrious we aim to be. The club holds its meetings on second Saturday of each month. Every member has a key, and is at full liberty to use the room at any time. Strangers in the city are cordially invited to come and see us. The officers for ensuing year, 1894, are: Norman D. Hunt, President; Louise Hecker, Vice-President; Hiram Gilson, Secretary; J. D. Ellmaker, Treasurer; Henry Miller, Sergeant-at-Arms. Address all communications to the Secretary at the Club room, southeast Corner of 8th and Main Street, Humboldt Building, Kansas City, Mo.

GRANITE STATE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every year in different parts of New England, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the Mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are as follows:—Willie E. White, President, 128 Bowdoin St., Nashua; F. P. Blodgett, Secretary, 50 Palm Street, Nashua; Willie A. Deering, Treasurer, Pittsfield.

MID-WESTERN MISSION.

Embracing the Dioceses of Pittsburgh, Ohio; Southern Ohio; Indiana, Michigan, Western Michigan, Chicago, Springfield, Quincy, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Fond du Lac and Milwaukee.

Officers for 1893-Rev. A. W. Mann, 123 Arlington Street, Cleveland, Ohio. St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf, Christ Church Cathedral, St. Louis. Rev. J. H. Cloud, Minister in charge, 3114 Chicago Ave.

All Angels' Church for the Deaf, Chicago. Rev. A. Mann in charge.

Epiphany Mission, St. John's Church, Detroit, Mich.

St. Agnes Mission, Grace Church, Cleveland, Ohio.

St. Margaret's Mission, Trinity Church, Pittsburgh, Pa. B. R. Allabough and Frank A. Leitner, Lay Readers.

All Saints' Mission, Columbus, O.

St. Mark's Mission, St. Paul's Church, Cincinnati, Ohio.

St. Clement's Mission, Christ Church, Dayton, O.

St. Alban's Mission, Christ Church, Indianapolis, Ind.

St. Bede's Mission, St. Mark's Church, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Services are held at about forty places more. Those desiring the offices of the Church in Baptism, Confirmation, Holy Communion, Ministry of the Word, Marriage, Burial, etc., are requested to address the Rev. Mr. Mann at the above-named address.

MUTUAL & CHARITABLE RELIEF SOCIETY OF BOSTON.

The purpose of the Society is principally social improvement, and to help the needy of our class. Meetings are held the first Wednesday of each month, at the Young Men's Christian Association, cor. Bolyston and Berkeley Sts. The officers for 1893-1894 are: President, Mrs. F. W. Bigelow; Vice-President, Mrs. Wm. J. Randolph; Secretary, Mrs. Wm. J. Randolph; Treasurer, Mrs. Wilbur D. Patten. All communications should be addressed to Mrs. Adam Acheson, 3 Spruce St., Rosindale, Mass.

NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTE SOCIETY.

The New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society was organized in November, 1893, and shall comprise only deaf residents of the State, and the same to be of good character and intelligence. Its object is to cultivate fraternal feelings, to promote the social relations, and to uphold and assist what is deemed beneficial to its members as individuals, and to the deaf as a class at large. It meets every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, at St. Mark's N. J. The last Saturday in each month being confined only to regular business of the Society, on other Saturdays are social meetings, and on first Saturdays are lectures. The officers for the ensuing year are: Jas. Nash, President; William Hutton, 1st Vice-President; Paul E. Kees, 2d Vice-President; Charles Lawrence, Jr., Secretary; Charles McManus, Treasurer; Charles Partington, Frank C. Lenox and Charles Hummer, Executive Committee, with the above officers. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, 340 Plane Street, Newark, N. J.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB.

Pas-a-Pas Club, Chicago, Ill. Organized 1892, re-organized 1890, incorporated 1891. Club room, on top floor, 73 South Clark Street, opposite Court House. Business meetings on first Saturday of each month. Social meetings and entertainments on the remaining Saturday evenings. Officers for 1894: President, C. C. Godman; Vice-President, J. J. Klehmann; Secretary, J. N. Bergler; Corresponding Secretary, F. P. Gibson, 3820 Dearborn Street; Recording Secretary, B. F. Frank; Treasurer, Morton Schenck; Librarian, Thomas A. Ritchie; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. H. McMillan; Trustees, Julius Ruben and G. T. Dougherty.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The organization of the St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club occurred in the month of April, 1892, and its purposes are principally of a social nature, being non-sectarian and independent in every respect. Its object is the social and mental improvement of its members by timely lectures, and also by the aid of general literature, to guarantee to them all the pleasures that were denied by the loss of their hearing, and to stimulate general harmony among themselves. It holds its regular meeting every second Saturday of each month, at 8 o'clock, in the second floor of the Empire Building, 919 Olive St. Every member has a key, and is at full liberty to use the room at any time. Strangers are cordially invited to come and see us. They are cordially invited to avail themselves of its opportunities. The officers are: Leo A. Fronsing, President; John E. Campbell, Vice-President; J. N. Johnson, Jr., Corresponding Secretary; Geo. D. Hunter, Recording Secretary; A. N. Merrill, Treasurer; E. D. Kington, Collector; Henry B. Fritz, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Board of Directors are: W. H. Schaub, Wm. C. Thomas and J. J. Brown. Trustees: W. T. Campbell and Charles Wolf. Address all communications to the Corresponding Secretary, 234 Missouri Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

THE BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Saturday night, in Adelphi Hall, Adelphi Street, bet. Myrtle Avenue, at 7:30 o'clock. Its object is to benefit socially and intellectually. The officers of the Society are: H. A. Schenck, President; J. N. Bergler, Vice-President; J. S. Orr, Secretary; H. L. Juhning, Treasurer; C. Conlon, Sergeant-at-Arms. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, James S. Orr, 140 Wierfield Street.

THE LOS ANGELES ASSOCIATION OF THE DEAF.

Services every Sunday at 3 P. M., at the Guild Room of St. Paul's Church, Olive Street, Los Angeles, at which all deaf-mutes are welcome and regularity of attendance desired. Objects: 1. The holding of religious exercises in the sign language. 2. The social and intellectual improvement of deaf-mutes. 3. Assisting them to obtain employment at their trades. 4. Visiting and aiding them in sickness. 5. Giving information and aid when needed. Committee: Edward C. Ould, Alex. Houghton, Albert J. Trenholm. The P. O. address of Mr. Thomas Wild is Station D, Los Angeles, Cal., to which all communications should be addressed.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P. M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 11th Street, near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. Its object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. Its officers are: Theodore A. Froehlich, President; Max Miller, First Vice-President; Emil Bader, Second Vice-President; Emanuel Bader, Secretary; Joseph Sonnboden, Treasurer; Alex. Meisel, Sergeant-at-Arms. All correspondence should be addressed to the Secretary, 219 Canal Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now organized by John E.